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JOHN BULL IN AMERICA; 315~

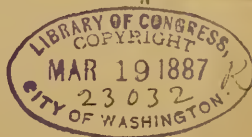
(OW 'EE CAME HOVER 'ERE.)

WHAT HE DID WHILE HERE,



AND WHY HE LEFT.

BY AN
AMERICAN.



DUNKIRK, N. Y.:
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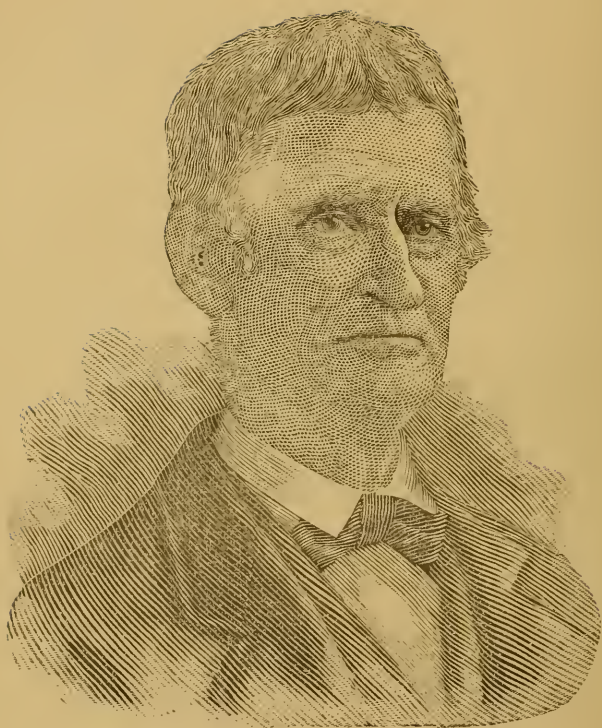
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The American.



(COPIED FROM THE PILOT OF APRIL 18TH, 1810.)

BRITISH CRUELTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ANTI-MONARCHIST :

SIR :—I enclose you the following account of the horrid cruelties committed by the Indians, instigated and paid by the Bloody British during the Revolutionary War, in order that the rising generation may know how much their fathers suffered in the glorious struggle for Liberty.

That monster of cruelty, George the Third, who paid for this butchery of helpless women and children, still lives to defy the wrath of a just God.

But the vengeance of Heaven will ere long overtake him and his corrupt household. My blood runs cold when I read the murderous account. Is it possible that we have men among us who believe, "That the British Government is fighting for the Liberties of America, and even for the Christian Religion?" Yes, it is true, there are such men, and Christopher Gore is their chieftain. Let the people pause and ask themselves if the British King who paid the savages for scalping and burning our countrymen, is not rather fighting the battles of Ambition and Satan.—A WHIG.

(FROM THE NEWARK SENTINEL.)

MR. EDITOR:—In the course of one of my peregrinations through the State of Connecticut, I accidentally lit on the following letter, invoice, &c. The paper whence they are taken was published in Hartford, January 14, 1783. Should they operate on the feelings of your readers as they have on mine, it will scarcely be considered as an intrusion on their patience.

Should there be a Tory in the whole scope of your readers, he must be blinded with prejudice indeed, and as void of feeling as inanimate nature itself, if remorse and shame seize him not, and cry—unclean! unclean!

I am Sir, Yours, &c.

Extract of a letter from Capt. Gerrish, of the New England Militia, dated Albany, March 7, 1782:

“The peltry taken in the expedition, will as you see amount to a good deal of money. The possession of this booty, at first gave us much pleasure; but we were struck with horror to find among the packages eight large ones, containing *scalps* of our unhappy country folks, taken in the last three years; taken by the Seneca Indians, from the inhabitants of the frontiers of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia, and sent by them as a present to Colonel Haldemand, Governor of Canada, in order to be by him transmitted to England. They were accompanied by the following curious letter to that gentleman:

TIOGA, JANUARY 3D, 1782.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY:—

At the request of the Seneca Chiefs, I send herewith to your Excellency, under the care of Jonas Boyd, eight packs of Scalps, Cured, Dried, Hooped and Painted, with all the Indian triumphal marks; of which the following is an invoice and explanation:

No. 1—Containing 43 scalps of Congress Soldiers, killed in different skirmishes. These are stretched on black hoops, four inches in diameter; the inside of the skin painted red; the skin brown, and marked with a hoe; a black circle all round, to denote their being surprised in the night, and a black hatchet in the middle, signifying their being killed with that weapon.

No. 2—Containing 98, of farmers, killed in their houses; hoops red; figure of a hoe, to mark their profession; great white circle and sun, to show they were surprised in the day time; a little red foot,

to show they stood upon their defence and died fighting for their lives and families.

No. 3—Containing 97, of farmers; hoops green to show they were killed in the field; a large circle with a little round mark on it for the sun, to show that it was in the day time; black bullet mark on some, hatchet on others.

No. 4—Containing 102, of farmers, mixed of the several marks above; only 18 marked with a yellow flame to denote their being prisoners burnt alive, after being scalped, their nails torn out by the roots and other torments. One of these latter, supposed to be a Rebel Clergyman; his, being fixed to the hoop of his scalp. Most of the farmers appear, by the hair, to have been young or middle-aged men; there being but 67 very grey heads among them all, which makes the service more essential.

No. 5—Containing 88 scalps of women; hair long and braided in the Indian fashion, to show they were mothers; hoops blue; skin yellow ground, with little red tadpoles to represent, by way of triumph, the tears of grief occasioned to their relatives; a black scalping knife or hatchet at the bottom to mark their being killed with those instruments. 17 others, hair very gray; black hoops, plain brown color; no marks but the short club, or the passetete, to show they were knocked down dead or their brains beat out.

No. 6—Contains 193 boys' scalps of various ages; small green hoops, white ground on the skin, with red tears in the middle and black bullet marks, knife, hatchet, or club, as their deaths happened.

No. 7—211 girls' scalps, big and little, small yellow hoops; white ground, tears, hatchet, club, scalping knife, etc.

No. 8—This package is a mixture of all varieties above mentioned, to the number of 122; with a box of birch bark, containing 29 little infants' scalps of various sizes; small white hoops; white ground; no tears, and only a little black knife in the middle to show they were ripped out of their mother's body.

With these packs the Chiefs send to your Excellency the following speech, delivered by CONEIOGATCHIE, in council, interpreted by the elder MOORE, the trader, and taken down by him in writing: "We send you herewith many scalps, that you may see that we are not idle friends:—A blue belt.

“FATHER:—We wish you to send these scalps over the water to the Great King, that he may regard them and be refreshed; and that he may see our faithfulness in destroying his enemies, and be convinced that his presents have not been to an ungrateful people. A blue and white belt with red tassels.

“FATHER:—Attend to what I am now going to say; it is a matter of much weight. The Great King’s enemies are many, and they grow in number. They were formerly like young panthers, they could neither bite nor scratch; we could play with them safely; feared nothing they could do to us. But now their bodies are become big as the Elk, and strong as the Buffalo; they have also got great sharp claws. They have driven us out of our country for taking part in your quarrel. We expect the Great King will give us another country, that our children may live after us and be his friends and children as we are. Say this for us to the Great King. To enforce it, we give this belt. A great white belt with blue tassels.

“FATHER:—We have only to say further, that your traders exact more than ever for their goods; and our hunting is lessened by the war; so that we have fewer skins to give for them. This ruins us. Think of some remedy. We are poor, and you have plenty of everything. We know you will send us powder and guns, and knives and hatchets; but we also want shirts and blankets. A little white belt.”

I do not doubt but your Excellency will think it proper to give some other encouragement to these honest people.

The high prices they complain of are the necessary effects of the war. Whatever presents may be sent for them through my hands, shall be distributed with prudence and fidelity.

I have the honor of being your Excellency’s most obedient, &c.,

JAMES CRAWFORD.

PREFACE

It is customary and proper, when one puts forth something for the amusement or instruction of the people, to inform them in advance, of the nature of the subject under consideration, and of the reasons for thrusting such opinions, theories, fancies, or historical reminiscences before the world.

Some are anxious that the whole subject of the Slaveholders Rebellion shall be ignored and forgotten; that conflict, upon the result of which hung the destiny of Republican Institutions for all time; that deluged our country in blood; swept away of our youth and middle-aged, by death, mutilation, or destruction of health, a million of the most able bodied citizens of our country, with the lavish destruction of property necessarily involved, and the contraction of a public debt, at that time by all considered of alarming proportions; and when any lessons are attempted to be drawn from it, moral or otherwise, there are not wanting very many who are yet sensitive and cry out: "You are waving the bloody shirt." Our opinion is, that if there is a "bloody shirt," it ought to be known. The major part of all, and especially of ancient history, is only a record of usurpation and slaughter, and we cannot believe it to be the part of wisdom to endeavor to forget that the path of human progress has been beset on every hand by the rocks and whirlpools of greed and ambition; by shoals of ignorance and the black depths of bigotry and superstition. There are very many in this country who are anxious

to cultivate more close social, if not political, relations among all English speaking peoples. But if the past shows, as we think it clearly does, that after *anarchy* in our country, our other only peril from foreign aggression, will be from an English speaking people, from the necessities of the government of Great Britain. We are now having complications with regard to the "fishery question."—Such questions must continue to multiply as the western country is settled, as we will have some five thousand miles of frontier to guard between the two oceans, besides our acquisition of Alaska, where fishery and fur questions must, from the nature of the case, be constantly arising.

We can have but one foreign enemy, and that enemy in the future, as in the past, must be the Aristocratic Government of Great Britain. We cannot, if we would, maintain our Republican Institutions alongside of so extensive a colony without frequent interruptions to the multifarious intercourse which must hereafter prevail along such an extensive frontier. Had we remained Colonies of what so many are prone to call "the mother country," and been kept, as was the British policy, furnishing provisions to support their manufacturing population, and made to depend entirely upon them for all of our fabrics, textile, and otherwise, Great Britain would have been today the mistress of the world, and her Queen Empress of America, as well as of India.

Our corn and our cotton, instead of enriching our people, would have rolled their millions of treasure into the lap of the English aristocracy and left America to-day in about the same position occupied by Ireland. England has been, is now, and must for the future remain our natural enemy. We cannot change the position if we would, she would not if she could. If ever cordial harmony exists between the two peoples, one of them must freely accept of a *secondary* position. Neither can do that with safety to itself, to say nothing of National Honor. To adopt the language of the Declaration of Independence—"Let facts be submitted to a candid world." The preposterous pretensions which the British urged while waging the merciless war, as disclosed in the preceding Text, was well answered by the Earl of Chatham when he exclaimed in the British Parliament—"They! planted by your care? they! nurtured by your protection? They were driven away by your oppression: they grew and

prospered by your neglect! &c." Our Text contains the most damning proof, that this people, after having escaped from British oppression in the "mother country," were warred upon in a most barbarous and relentless manner by hired mercenaries in front, and hired savages in the rear, and this was done by an English speaking people, a people claiming paternity to us, as their children, who they claimed were "capriciously squalling;" and adopting methods of warfare that Bedouin Arabs would be ashamed of. In the war of 1812 they again employed the Indians, making officers of them in their armies, and showing the same relentlessness they did in the war of the Revolution. When the slaveholders inaugurated their Rebellion the British Government made unseemly haste to acknowledge the *belligerency* of the rebels, shut their eyes to the infraction of all laws of national comity, by allowing a thrifty Scotchman to build and equip vessels on the Clyde, to prey upon our commerce upon the seas, for which dereliction of duty that Government was glad to compromise by paying fifteen and a half million dollars; to furnish resorts for blockade runners, particularly at Bermuda and Nassau; to embarrass us at a critical time in our affairs, they reversed their professed understanding of the Law of Nations, and there can be no doubt that but for that *master stroke* of policy of Secretary Seward, in inviting the Russian fleet to winter in the Harbor of New York in 1863-4, would have acknowledged their independence, and then given open aid to them in their nefarious purposes.

Our greatest danger, near or remote, is from internal dissensions, and we may safely calculate that whenever our dissensions assume a serious character, notwithstanding all present professions of loving regard, the British Government will be the first to attempt to take advantage of our misfortune. That Government has never refrained from striking the most friendly nation *when it was down*, or when there was anything to be gained to herself by so doing; such as the burning of the Danish fleet in the Harbor of Copenhagen in 1801.

Nor is it wise to forget how our neighbors of the Dominion of Ontario consorted with the Rebels along our northern border at all times during our internal dissension, and made constant watchfulness on that extensive frontier imperatively necessary. It is the height of unwisdom to put confidence in the professed friendship of those who have embraced every opportunity to take advantage of us at

every crisis in our affairs when it appeared that we were unable to strike back. Let us treat all nations and peoples fairly, but it will be extremely unwise to forget what has transpired in the past, and to remember that Great Britain, by her official acts, has always shown that she is alive to every opportunity to secure an advantage and yields nothing, except to force. It is necessarily so, for there is an "irrepressible conflict" between British institutions and our own that can never be reconciled and harmonized. The looked for millenium is apparently in the very distant future, so far as Britain and the United States are concerned, and will approach by very slow and imperceptible steps.

Had she succeeded in subduing the Colonies in 1776, she would have been master of the situation and arbiter in all the affairs of the world. She does not attempt to *lord it* over her distant Colonies now, especially on this side of the Atlantic, as she did before she had her experience with our stubborn predecessors.

There can be no doubt that had the British been successful in 1776, in crushing out "the fires of freedom" then enkindled, the whole world would be now groaning under her tyrannical sway.

If the Cradle of Liberty had not been successfully *rocked* at that time her famed Goddess would have had to retire and weep for a thousand years. It is extremely humiliating to know that a wealthy citizen of our country could so far forget what every one should take pride in remembering; what is due to the memory of the founders of our Government and the Father of our Country, as to erect on our American soil a monument to the memory of a British officer, who was so lost to all the principles of honor as to consent to become a *spy*, and to creep within our lines *to treat with a traitor*, for the surrender of one of the most important military posts in the country, and who, when caught in his nefarious work, attempted to *corrupt with gold*, the three incorruptible militiamen, Messrs. Isaac Van Wert, John Paulding and David Williams, whom Congress afterwards rewarded with silver medals, and pensions for life. Fortunate was it for our country that these three men were not actuated by the spirit of a Field.

Even after the close of hostilities in 1781, when the Pennsylvania line was in a state of mutiny, clamoring for their pay, Sir Henry Clinton sent two emissaries with money to tempt them to desert the

American standard. Although they were in a state of insubordination, they sent these emissaries to Gen. Wayne to be hanged.

The *spy* found in an enemy's camp knows what to expect if taken, knows the peril he assumes when he enters upon that hazardous business. But Major Andre was more than a *spy*, he came into our lines a *sneak*, to endeavor to capture West Point by the foul method of paying for the *treason* of its commander.

That the people allowed that evidence of *flunkeyism* (The Andre Monument,) to stand upon American soil as long as it did, is a disgrace to the American name. It should have been pulverized and reduced to material for a road-bed in broad day-light, and before the sun had once set after its erection, out of respect to the memory of Washington, who signed the death warrant of that spy, who came to win by corruption instead of valor on the field of combat. There does not appear a high and ennobling trait in his character, nothing to command the respect of a generous foeman.

A catalogue of the crimes committed by the British Government against humanity, and the equal rights of man in America, to say nothing of the outrages she has perpetrated in various other parts of the world, would reach higher than the dome of her St. Paul's Cathedral, and as low as the depths of the basest corruption. While so many in this country are endeavoring to ape the English aristocracy, and have transplanted the English Church, which was born in the lecherous embrace of Henry the VIIIth, and had no excuse for surviving that monarch it is important that some one shall speak for Freedom and the Rights of Man. Reader! Examine our Text!

Rex and Regina.



JOHN BULL IN AMERICA.

I, John Bull, am first and greatest,
Greatest of the sovereign nations!
On my realm the dawn of morning,
And the fervid sun of noon-day,
And the balmy shades of evening,

And the darkness of the midnight,
 At the same time are occurring.
 So world-wide is my dominion,
 Phœbus shines without remission
 On my wide extended empire.

On this earth I have no equal;
 Here I rule in matters civil,
 Ecclesiastical and moral;
 Whether here, or the hereafter,
 My supremacy is bowed to,
 With due meekness is accepted;
 And I hold each strong Gibraltar
 In the old and in the new world.
 On the ocean I am sovereign:
 All the ancient Gods and heathen,
 Bacchus, Pluto, Mars and Neptune,
 Own my sway on land and water.

And I make the Laws of Nations;
 Make them as it suits my pleasure,
 Suits my sovereign will and pleasure,
 Make them as 'tis most convenient,
 For the time and the occasion;
 And I alter them as interest,
 And my stubborn will shall dictate.
 They are mine because I make them,
 Being mine, of right I break them.

And I make my own Religion,
 Make it serve my worldly interest;
 Make it fill my needy pocket;
 (Most insatiable of pockets)
 Make my people meek and pious,
 Most submissive to the Ruler
 Of the Universe around them,
 In the way I choose to have them.

I am liberal to Dissenters,
 And allow each Faith and Practice
 That my people choose to cling to,
 Be they Mussulmen or Heathen,
 Jew, or some odd sort of Christian,
 Who despise my psalm and psalter,
 Rubric, liturgy and collect,
 All are free in my Dominions;
 And I only make them pay for't,
 The Religion I've established;
 Pay the tithes and pay the taxes;
 Pay my sleek and lordly Bishops,
 Pay my surpliced Priests and Rectors,
 Pay them pounds by hundred thousands.

Though my people may be starving,
 Yet I guard the Holy Office,
 And keep fat and sleek my Bishops,
 Fat and sleek my Lords and Bishops.
 Then my people if they choose to;
 All the low and common people,
 Are at liberty to worship
 God or Satan, as it suits them.

Some poor people, having scruples,
 Serious, conscientious scruples,
 About worshipping that Bull Head,
 Head of England's lawful Churches;
 And believing that the Ruler
 Of the Universe was worthy
 Of their love and adoration,
 Cast about for some safe corner
 Of this earth, where persecution
 For the sin of having conscience
 Would not venture to molest them;
 Where the Great Eternal Maker
 Of the Universe of Nature,
 (As they had been taught and nurtured)

Might be worshipped and regarded,
Might be held in greater reverence
Than Old England's mighty Bullhead.

So they left their "Merrie England,"
Left the Tithes and left the Taxes,
Left their spiritual advisers,
Left the domineering Bishops,
Left the surpliced, formal Rector,
Left the Unicorn and Lion,
Left St. George, and left his Dragon,
Johnny's powerful Great Red Dragon;
Left their friends and their relations,
Left the homes where ease and comfort
Were from them withheld and taken;
Left their all, except their conscience,
Rigid, firmly fixed convictions;
Feeling that the Great Jehovah's
Kindly hand would guide and shield them.



Then they launched upon the ocean,
On the broad, tempestuous ocean,
Where the fierce and raging tempests,
And the overwhelming billows
Tossed their leaky bark, as children
Bubbles blown of soap and water.

But with fortitude they met them,
 Met the perils intervening,
 Perils seen and perils unseen;
 They resolved to meet and conquer;
 For the hopes which had inspired them
 Of a land where, unmolested,
 They might freedom have of conscience,
 Which they hoped, among the Heathen,
 They might find, that was denied them,
 By the Christians ruling Britain.

So they came unto the Heathen,
 To the land of wolves and Indians,
 And they landed as the winter,
 Cold and blust'ring, frigid winter,
 Was about to sway his scepter,
 O'er those bleak and barren regions.

On these shores starvation met them,
 On these shores the Indian met them,
 With his scalping knife he met them,
 With his bow and arrows met them,
 And they met the wolf and panther,
 Met the wild beast and the savage,
 Bared their breasts to cold and famine,
 But relied on the Almighty
 To so aid, support, sustain them,
 That to worship Him as conscience
 Seemed to give them its dictation,
 Free from temp'ral molestation,
 Free from forcible exactions.

Thus they left the land that reared them,
 Left the mother that had borne them,
 Left the home and cheerful fireside,
 Left their relatives and neighbors,
 Left their all to brave the horrors
 Of a cold tempestuous winter.

In a foreign land and heathen,
 With a prospect of starvation,
 With a prospect of extinction,
 All for freedom of the conscience.

Even death had less of terrors,
 In the horrid forms it met them,
 Than their loss of hopes of Heaven,
 By complying with the powers
 John Bull set above the people,
 To control their thoughts and actions,
 In the matter of their worship,
 In their forms of adoration.



Here surrounded by the somber
 Gloom of thick and tangled forest,
 Nature's first and grand cathedral;
 Here they hoped, beneath the branches
 Of the large majestic oak trees,
 They could hold a sweet communion
 With the author of their being.

Johnny Bull stood by and saw them;
 Saw them go aboard their shallop;
 Saw them launch upon the ocean;
 Saw them leave *his merry* England;

And he snap'd his fingers at them,
 While his bloated, rotund body,
 Shook with boisterous mirth and laughter;
 Racked his brains for names to call them;
 Poor, deluded, wild fanatics,
 All the epithets expressive
 Of contempt and of derision,
 He applied most freely to them.
 (Going away from his protection,
 To the country of the Indian,
 Wild, untutored, *heathen* Indian.

On his heel he turned and left them;
 But bestowed his benediction,
 A left-handed benediction;
 Called them Puritans and Round Heads,
 New Lights, Quakers, Independents,
 Covenanters and Dissenters.

So he bid "good-bye," did Johnny,
 To these stern, unwavering pilgrims,
 Who were now about to leave him,
 Hoping that henceforth, forever,
 He was rid of these fanatics,
 These uneasy, restless children,
 These disturbers of his solace
 Who refused to bow before him,
 Bow, and worship as he taught them.

To the shores of bleak New England,
 Heaven directed, came these pilgrims;
 And their fortitude was tested,
 Tested sore as Job's of old was.
 Pestilence strode forth among them:
 Famine glared, and in their faces
 Shook her lean and wasted fingers.
 Wintry winds howled fierce around them,

And the wild beast and the savage
Lurked and prowled along their border.

Death! inexorable reaper,
Ere the close of the first winter,
Cut them down to half their number,
Half had paid the Debt of Nature,
Yielded to the grim destroyer.

Shall we, in imagination,
Visit these forlorn and starving
Pilgrims, where no ray of hope is?
See the wan and wasted mother,
As she clasps her starving infant,
Waiting for the coming moment
Of its Spirit's near departure?
Hear the feeble moan that famine
Wrings from the departing spirit?
Fathers, brothers, all were helpless,
For the strong man and the feeble,
Yielded to the grim destroyer.
Yet they trusted, prayed and fasted;
Put their trust in the Almighty
Who so tried and so sustained them.

Was a Nation ever planted
On a soil more uncongenial?
So beset with sad surroundings?
Yet our now redeemed Republic
Grew from such forlorn beginning;
Nurtured in want's naked cradle,
Every ordeal still surviving.

While these people, who for conscience,
All these horrors were enduring;
And were being tried and chastened,
As no other people known were;
Johnny Bull was drinking porter,

Roystering o'er his cups and singing
 Of the *roast beef* of old England,
 Of his Cheshire cheese and Stilton;
 Of his great exploits at fighting;
 Of his rule upon the ocean;
 Of his wide extended empire;
 Bullying, bragging, subsidizing;
 And had near or quite forgotten
 The fanatics of the shallop,
 He, contemptuously derided;
 He so late with scorn derided.

Now his pockets getting empty,
 He began to look about him,
 Look about to get the needful;
 Look to find a feeble people,
 An unarmed and helpless people,
 He might *rob* with little danger.
 Although boastful of his prowess,
 He prefers to *rob* with safety;
 And he saw across the ocean,
 The poor people he'd derided
 When they left his proud Dominion;
 Saw the Round Heads and fanatics,
 In a prosperous condition.

They had fasted, prayed and labored;
 Had withstood the frigid climate;
 Withstood pestilence and famine;
 Had subdued wild beast and savage;
 Wrung from soil both cold and sterile
 All the needs to feed and clothe them,
 And were prospering and reaping
 Fair reward for all their labors.

Here, says Johnny, is a people
 I have planted, kept and nurtured,
 Raised them up from small beginnings;

Gave them *Charters* for the country;
 Sold them *slaves* to do their labor;
 Sent them Governors and Judges;
 Sent them Laws and our protection.
 This his song of generations,
 Song that he for ages warbled,
 Oft in rage the song he bellowed.

But the pilgrims couldn't see it,
 They had other views about it;
 Could not see the *care* in planting
 Colonies by gross oppression;
 Could not see the *nurture* bragged of;
 Could not see the kind protection
 John had thrust, unasked, upon them.

They'd been driven by oppression
 From their homes in his Dominions,
 Driven off in cold derision;
 When they left, he cared not whither,
 So that he no more might see them,
 Motley group of peace disturbers,
 Who could not be made submissive,
 Followers of his Priests and Bishops,
 Lords and Landlords, Earls and Barons,
 Who held sway in *Merrie* England.
 They had suffered by the quarrels
 John had had with Johnny Crapeau;
 And they thought they were entitled,
 (If they paid the levied taxes)
 To be heard in John Bull's councils
 On all matters appertaining
 To affairs this side the ocean.

John was wroth that they should question
 His supremacy in all things;
 And in dudgeon thus addressed them—
 "Hi 'ave 'eard your peevish grumbling;

" Childish hand capricious squalling;
 " But the taxes must be paid hi.
 " Hor hi'll come with force hand take them;
 " Take your 'orses han your hoxen,
 " Take your 'ogs hand 'ens and chickens,
 " Put them in my bar'l and heat them;
 " Then hi'll wallop you like blazes."

He prepared to come and conquer;
 Punish his recusant children,
 Children he so long had nurtured,
 Children who were so ungrateful
 As to tell their bloated daddy
 That they would not help support him
 Without something they could show for't.

John then came in regal splendor,
 With his Unicorn and Lion;
 With St. George and with his Dragon,
 General Gagè and tyrant Andross;
 Generals Howe, Burgoyne and Clinton;
 Kniphausen and Lord Cornwallis.
 And he hired of foreign Princes;
 Gathered armies from the Hessians,
 And old Scotia and Hibernia,
 Were compelled to add their quotas,
 To augment the invading legions;
 All were brought in requisition
 To subdue his stubborn children,
 Sons of Puritans, who left him
 With just cause and provocation
 And refuse to help support him,
 For this, he sent invading legions,
 Armed for rapine, fire and pillage.
 But he did not place reliance,
 Place his firm and sole reliance,
 Upon paid and foreign legions;
 For he offered gold for *treason*,



John Bull's allies gathering laurels,
Laurels to adorn his brow with.

Which was spurned with indignation,
 Except in a single instance,
 Save by *one* base traitor only.

Then he hired the bar'brous Indian,
 Savage of the frontier border;
 Gave them gold to scalp the women,
 Trinkets gave to scalp the babies;
 Paid for scalps by bale and package,
 Scalps of women and of infants,
 Scalps of youth and of the aged,
 Taken by the barbarous Indian,
 John Bull's allies gathering laurels,
 Laurels to adorn his brow with.

All the means at his disposal,
 Christian means and means unchristian,
 Did John use without compunction,
 Summoned in his strait to aid him.

So, he met the Stubborn Yankee;
 Face to face he met the Yankee;
 The fanatic, praying Yankee,
 The acute, enquiring Yankee;
 Met them oftener than he wished to;
 Met them first in Massachusetts,
 Took tea with them once in Boston.
 Set to steep in Boston Harbor,
 With a ship load at one drawing;
 Met at Lexington in earnest,
 Where he ran to 'scape the tanning
 Of his bullhide by the Yankee
 Farmer with his sons pursuing
 These bespangled hordes of Britain;
 Where these men with stones and pitchforks
 Thumped him on his "seat of honor;"
 Gave a set-back to his prestige.
 Then at Bunker Hill he met them,
 Met "Old Put," and met with Prescott,
 Met with Gates at Saratoga—

Washington he met at Yorktown,
Met, and finally surrendered.

Then he gathered up the fragments
Of his army and his navy,
Packed them off, retreating homeward;
Sent his Unicorn and Lion
Back in shame to humbled Britain.
Took with him the only—Traitor
Found among the worthy scions
Of our Puritan Forefathers;
Sent St. George and sent his Dragon
With their torn armorial fixings
Back to Britain, whip't and humbled,
With his garments soiled and tattered,
And his needy pockets empty.

PART II.

THE WAR OF EIGHTEEN HUNDRED
AND TWELVE

John forgot what he encountered
In the war of Revolution;
His old feelings came upon him,
And he trod, without compunction,
On the corns of Uncle Samuel;
For he felt morose and peevish,
As he saw our Nation rising
Into influence and power.

Saw the bright Star Spangled Banner
On each sea and ocean waving—
Saw our broad extended country
Widening out its distant borders;
Saw the enterprising Yankee
Seeking gain and pushing ventures
Into earth's remotest border;
And our people growing richer,
Stronger too, against his wishes,
Holding a domain extensive,
Covering such a vast area
Of this most prolific country;
Johnny saw would some day rival;
And not only merely rival,

But would shake the rotten Kingdoms
 At the East of the Atlantic;
 King's prerogative and power,
 Might give way to Rights of People, -
 And their thrones and crowns and mitres
 All be tumbled into ruin.

His fat Lords and fatter Bishops
 Felt the ground beneath them shaking.
 Not the scourge that walks in darkness,
 Nor the wasting at the noonday,
 Had such terrors for their lordlings
 As this young and growing country,
 This American Republic.

Should a government established
 By the People, for the People,
 Be successful and be prosp'rous,
 It was plain the titled nabobs
 Who had ruled the suffering Kingdoms,
 Who had crushed and disregarded,
 All the cries of want and squallor,
 Held humanity at arm's length ;
 Would have leave of absence granted.

Royalty was sorely troubled,
 Terrified at our successes,
 And it let slip no occasion,
 Where it could its spleen exhibit,
 Where it could be much insulting,
 To betray its real feeling.
 Little warmth was in the cov'ring,
 Which hypocrisy threw o'er us,
 Dust the British oft threw o'er us.

Years had passed since Johnny wrestled
 With the Freedom loving Yankee,
 And commenced again to swagger

As though sea and ocean owning ;
 And with Jonathan he ventured
 To appropriate at leisure,
 Property he had no right to
 Which was clearly Uncle Samuels ;
 All the while professing friendship,
 Great astonishment expressing,
 That his wanton interference,
 With the business of our Uncle,
 Should be taken so unkindly.

He was never quite resigned to
 The decree that war and fate had
 Made, in severing the connection
 Between him and Uncle Samuel;
 And he felt the former feeling
 Of dictation rise within him;
 And proceeded to examine
 Uncle Samuel's coach and baggage,
 Often taking off the driver
 In a most insulting manner;
 Claimed to own the briney ocean,
 Claimed the right to search for sailors
 Any craft of Uncle Samuel's.

But when Jonathan's in trouble,
 And desires to capture *traitors*,
 Fleeing in a British bottom,
 Then the case is greatly altered,
 Then John has another meaning;
 And expounds the Law of Nations,
 As shall suit his present purpose,
 Purpose to annoy and worry,
 When he can gain nothing by it.

Then the King of birds, the Eagle,
 Emblem of our Uncle Samuel,
 Whet his beak with indignation;

And prepared to meet the Lion,
 Unicorn and other fixings,
 Britain of old time had chosen
 To emblazon with distinction
 On his "Coat of Arms" so gaudy,
 To assure his overwhelming
 Power to crush out opposition,
 Frighten people of all nations,
 That they leave a "clear track" for him.
 When John Bull can win by bluster
 He does not stop to think of honor,
 And wholly disregards dishonor.

All our people then assembled,
 Raised the bright Star Spangled Banner,
 And the motto they emblazoned
 On their shield was simply—Justice;
 Equal rights for each and all men;
 And the seas you claim so boldly,
 You alone are mistress of them,
 Shall be free to every people.
 Sons of Jonathan have rights there
 Equal with the proudest Briton,
 And those rights shall be respected,
 Though it bring us war and carnage,
 Though again you call the Indian,
 As of yore to murder infants,
 Helpless women and their infants;
 We abide the dreadful issue,
 And "appeal to God of Battles."

Johnny, who so long had trespassed
 On our rights, made preparation
 To again invade our country;
 Pit the Lion 'gainst the Eagle,
 And subdue the stubborn Yankee;
 Make him fear the royal dictum,
 And respect the pomp and tinsel
 With which royalty is covered.

John associated with him,
 As of old, the cruel Indians,
 Made them officers and leaders
 Of his armies and his legions;
 And with them essayed to conquer
 And subdue the youthful nation;
 People who had tasted freedom,
 And whose powerful example
 He then thought, was working ruin
 To the rotten Realms and Kingdoms
 With which Europe was afflicted.

Which in character most suffered
 By renewal of alliance;
 Whether 'twas the crafty Indian,
 Or the proud and boastful Briton,
 Is a question undecided;
 Though it is the firm conviction,
 Of disinterested parties,
 That in point of worth and morals,
 'Twas the Indian that most suffered,
 Suffered in his reputation,
 For humanity and honor,
 Suffered by association
 With his cruel British brother.

John forgot his former thrashing
 In the war of separation,
 And he marshalled all his legions,
 To again invade our country;
 To contest our claim to freedom,
 And laid down the guage of battle.

Did he think the Yankee nation
 Had now lost its vim and prowess?
 That the Puritan descendants
 Were mere enervated off-shoots
 From the enterprising pilgrims?

Did he think they were unworthy
 Of their sires, the "seventy-sixers,"
 Whom he met when going to Concord?
 Met at Lexington the farmers,
 Blacksmiths, carpenters and masons,
 Trained to other arts than warfare;
 Armed with such offensive weapons
 As by chance came in their power?

Did he think the sturdy yeomen
 Had now lost their former manhood?
 And would bow to regal tinsel,
 At display of courtly titles,
 Or array of Kingly power?

If he did he was mistaken,
 As it proved, he *was* mistaken;
 For he marshalled all his legions;
 Came with ships, and came with savage,
 Came with Unicorn and Lion,
 Titles and armorial fixings;
 Came with Ross, and came with Proctor;
 Came with Packenham to 'Orleans,
 Came with usual pomp and bluster,
 Came to catch the Yankee's Eagle,
 And pull down the Starry Banner,
 Bow of promise to the nations.

But he found he'd caught a Tartar;
 For the Bird of Jove, the Eagle,
 Kept his searching eye upon him,
 And attacked the British Lion
 Where he boasted of his prowess,
 Where he claimed to be the ruler,
 Claimed in song that "Old Britannia,
 Hail Britannia," ruled the ocean.

There did Uncle Samuel meet him;
 There did Bainbridge, Hull and Perry,

Lawrence, Porter and McDonough,
 And the Bird of Jove, the Eagle,
 Uncle Samuel's pet, the Eagle,
 Meet Britannia on the ocean,
 Met at broadside, in close quarters,
 Fought in chase, and at the anchor,
 And on every such occasion,
 Where the force was nearly equal,
 Johnny had the "spots knocked off him."

Britain ruled the sea no longer;
 For the God of sea and ocean,
 Heathen Neptune, would hereafter,
 Listen not to British boasting,
 Of her rule o'er his dominions.
 He had formed a new alliance;
 Patronized the Starry Banner,
 Symbol of a Nation's freedom.

On the land he met disaster,
 Could not penetrate the country;
 Did not reap the glorious harvest
 He so sanguinely expected;
 Did not catch the stubborn Yankee;
 Only raided on the border,
 On our wide extended border,
 Like his friends, the recent rebels.

On the Thames, with savage Proctor,
 Johnny met with sad reverses;
 Met with Harrison and Johnson,
 There he lost his friend Tecumseh,
 Who, like Tray, the dog in fable,
 Suffered in his reputation,
 By the company he fell in.

Then the angry British Lion,
 Like the Fox, or the Hyena,

Sought by theft and petty pillage
 To destroy the Yankee's substance;
 Stole our Uncle Samuel's chickens,
 Made a war upon his *hen-roosts*,
 Valiant war of petty pilfering,
 Plundered various farmers' cellars,
 Wantonly destroyed their cornfields,
 And did other petty damage,
 Did these lordly blustering Britons.
 Yet the further they proceeded
 In the country in their pillage,
 Made more sure their own destruction.

But our guardian Bird, the Eagle,
 With a swoop, came down upon him,
Hors de combat, laid their leader
 Ross, the pilferer, plunderer, burner,
 And left floating high the banner;
 Prisoner Key's "Star Spangled Banner;"
 While the devastating legions,
 Having lost their daring leader,
 Then retreated down the river,
 Having done some petty mischief,
 Such as vagabonds and hoodlums
 Oft are led into committing;
 Scared some women and small children;
 For his cause, accomplished nothing.

Then he tried his hand at 'Orleans,
 Sent his Packingham to 'Orleans,
 There to *loot* the corn and cotton,
 There to gather hams and sugar,
 There to freshen up his laurels,
 With an eye ('twas said) to capture
 Quadroons famous for their beauty.

Here he met with Old Kentucky,
 Hunter boys of Old Kentucky;

And he'll long remember Jackson,
Tough Old Hickory, Andrew Jackson,
Who received and entertained him,
Entertained him—"By the Eternal,"
Such as suited the occasion;
Banqueted and also basted
Johnny to his satisfaction;
Put him through in double quick time;
Taught him new and fancy paces,
Paces that would lead "'im 'omeward,"
With his Lion's mane bedraggled,
Unicorn a seeming jackass,
In each aspect and appearance;
St. George and the Dragoon fleeing,
In dismay across the ocean,
Grieving o'er his shattered fortunes,
He retires to home and Britain.
There to mourn in desolation,
Over hopes delayed and blasted.

PART III.

THE TABLES TURNED,
OR THE
VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN, VISITS YANKEE DOODLE.

Albion's isle was in commotion;
Queen and Lords, and saints and sinners;
All the pious, Reverend Clergy:
All who felt the royal furore,
Burn within them for the welfare
Of Old England's "Heir Apparent,"
'Mong the great *unwashed*, the million;
Were inflamed with joys ecstastic,
When a large, bright, pink envelope,
With armorial crest and fixings,
Was received from loyal subjects,
Of Victoria and Prince Albert,
Living North of the Great Waters,
Which divide the ample regions
Held by Jonathan's free children,
From the Northern glebes and ice-fields,

Reaching North to Polar ocean.
 These tame vassals, known as Canucks,
 Sent a cringing, pleading missive,
 Begging in most abject manner,
 That a royal sprout be sent them,
 With the regal robes upon him;
 Wished to see John's royal person,
 With his furbelows and fixings,
 That they might give fitting homage
 To the head of such a people;
 Abject, cringing, fawning people,
 Blustering, overbearing people,
 Near our Uncle Samuel's border.

Then the note of preparation,
 Sounded to remotest border,
 Of the Great United Kingdom,
 Summoning to gravest council,
 To forthwith in solemn council
 Meet the Queen to then consider,
 And decide the awful question,
 Whether the prospective Bull-Head,
 Hope of general John Bulldom,
 Should be risked to cross the waters,
 Dismal intervening waters,
 Rolling their majestic surges
 O'er the turbulent Atlantic,
 That the "Canucks" might behold him,
 Royal sprout from House of Brunswick.

Hear the people shouting wildly—
 " Blessings on the Throne of Britain,
 " Blessings on the Court and Clergy,
 " It's resolved the die to hazard,
 " It's resolved the Heir Apparent
 " To the Throne and Realm of Britain,
 " Shall encounter all the dangers
 " Of a voyage across the ocean;

“ That he may receive the homage
 “ Due his high and mighty station,
 “ From the Bluenose and Canucker.”

Then was put in requisition
 All the ships of boastful Britain,
 That the fleetest in her navy,
 Strongest ships of Britain's navy,
 Be selected for “ His Highness,”
 Ships that old Imperial Neptune
 Dare not shake his trident at them;
 Ships so strong, and ships so many
 That the fabled “ God of ocean”
 Could not hope to toss and wreck them.

Then the Royal charge was loaded,
 Head of England's laws and churches,
 With the Dukes and Lords attendant,
 Barons, Bishops, Curates, Rectors,
 With a sprinkling of ragamuffins;
 Loaded with more pomp and furore
 Than attended loading Jumbo;
 (Each an “ Elephant” the people
 Could with profit well dispense with;)
 Bound to visit the Canuckers,
 In the region of the sundown,
 North of Jonathan's possessions.

Why this son of Queen Victoria
 Should be worshipped by the Blue-nose,
 Like the ancient Ox of Egypt—
 Be with reverence regarded,
 Like the *Bulls* of Pio Nino,
 Or, the later Leo thirteenth;
 Or received with more complacence
 Than the Celtic *bulls* of Erin;
 Can be solved by only those who
 Choose to investigate the subject.

Blow ye gentle gales and breezes;
 Waft the ships so richly laden
 With this British mother's darling;
 (Victoria has a group of darlings;
 Quite expensive too, these darlings;)
 With his keepers, Lords and Princes,
 Who exhibit him, as Barnum
 Did the *woolly horse* aforetime.

Now the fleet is in the offing—
 Hark! The shouts of the Blue-noses,
 Welcoming the "Heir Apparent,"
 Echo 'round the Bay of Fundy;
 Ringing in the Gut of Canso,
 Through the Trans-Atlantic regions
 Subject to the rule of Britain.
 But the royal "fuss and feathers;"
 Toggery profuse and tinsel,
 Ceremonies long and formal,
 To impress the gaping people,
 With his Majesty's importance;
 Kept the people at a distance;
 Kept them from a near approach to
 This sub-royal guest from Britain,
 England's now prospective Monarch;
 And the Loyal Clan of Orange,
 Was repulsed, and kept at distance;
 Coldly kept at proper distance;
 That the sons of the shillaleigh,
 Shamrock and some other emblems,
 (When the Prince shall visit Erin)
 May sing, "Erin-go-braugh" to him.

Poor Canucks, they stare and wonder,
 Gape and gaze, and fume and bluster;
 For a "Prince" has come to see them,
 Prince of Wales, King, in perspective;
 So surrounded by his keepers;

Guardians of British prestige,
 Guardians of the royal children
 John Bull puts on exhibition,
 That the people may behold them;
 With a proper awe, behold them,
 And bow down with meek submission
 In this awful *baby's* presence.

Were he led by ring and halter,
 Like the bulls upon the fair-ground,
 Is not matter of much moment,
 Since he's covered by his robes so,
 Royal robes and regal tinsel,
 Made to keep the people from him,
 Keep them at respectful distance,
 So his subjects cannot see him,
 See and be familiar with him.

Like a great "Hy-as-ti-cutus,"
 Under an embroidered blanket,
 Covered with armorial emblems,
 Led they him through the Dominion,
 This, the first-born of Victoria,
 To impress with awe becoming,
 All their meek Colonial subjects.
 Yet this visit was so irksome,
 So constrained, so over-formal,
 That the pleasure it afforded,
 Either Prince or gaping people,
 Was not comforting to either.

Then he threw off robes and tinsel,
 Threw constraint and ceremony,
 All the forms and florid fixings,
 By which royalty's surrounded.
 Free, and lithe, he felt new vigor,
 When he breathed the air of freedom;
 Sniff'd the *air* of Hail Columbia,

Country lost by his great grand'ther,
 Lost one famous—Fourth of July.
 Lost, because he was so stubborn;
 Torn away—"he said," by traitors.
 Such as Washington and Franklin,
 Adams, Jefferson and Sherman,
 And Warren, who so rocked the cradle
 Of Liberty in old Faneuil,
 Who it seems had justly claimed it
 By such rights as Ethan Allen
 Claimed old Fort Ticonderoga,
 On one early summer morning;
 "In the name of the Eternal,
 And the Continental Congress."*

Then they took John by his nostrils,
 These old rockers of the cradle,
 Took him by his horns and nostrils,
 Led him from the charming country,
 From the gem of his possessions,
 Rudely thrust him out; and kicked him,
 Where his honor was most tender.

Now his progeny has come back;
 Comes upon a peaceful errand,
 Laid aside his robes and tinsel,
 Doffed all insignia and fixings,
 And the blazoned, beastly emblem;
 Lest the Bird of Jove, the Eagle,
 Uncle Sam's grey, forest Eagle,
 Hail Columbia's screaming Eagle,
 With a swoop should fasten on him.
 He has come to see his uncle,
 Uncle Sam, and his dear cousins;
 Those whose scalps are still upon them,
 (Not the women and the infants,
 Whose red scalps his grand'ther paid for;)

* It is now said that what Ethan Allen did say, was: "Get out of here, you damned old rat."

But he came to see the prairies,
 See how Jonathan had straddled
 Westward to the other ocean;
 Came to show his royal features
 To our Uncle Samuel's daughters;
 Came to shake hands with Buchanan—
 Came to eat some costly dinners
 Furnished by our cities daddies,
 Came here to receive the homage,
 Of this great Republic's *snobdom*.

He wished to ramble on prairie,
 Where the buffalo abounded;
 Where the grizzly bear and Indian;
 Where the prowling wolf and panther,
 Hold with man divided empire.
 He must hunt, if hunt he choose to,
 In some warm and cozy parlor,
 Far from scenes of strife and daring;
 Was the stern and royal dictum,
 Sent his keepers for observance.

How could royalty endure it?
 Chasing wild beasts roaming lawless;
 Sleeping with the sky for blanket;
 Roasted wolf might serve for dinner,
 If he had the luck to catch one;
 Indian too, might seek to scalp him—
 All the scalps the British paid for,
 In the days of Revolution,
 Scalps of infants in the cradle,
 Scalps of women in their cabins,
 Would but poorly pay his mother,
 For the Heir Apparent's caput.

His *ma* said he must not go there;
 Was not used to going barefoot;
 Being chased by wounded wild beast,

And 'twas safer not to go there.
 So he said he'd mind his *mama*,
 Kiss the girls and eat the dinners,
 Which were lavishly provided,
 By the snobs, who will run after
 Any boor who has a title,
 Or is likely to have power,
 Whether used for good or evil,
 And the mighty Lords, his showmen,
 Seconded the resolution.

Then he wended his way eastward,
 'Till he reached the Hill, Quirinal,
 Mansion of our Uncle Samuel,
 Tenanted by James Buchanan,
 Who was filled with fear and trembling,
 With approaching signs of trouble.
 Here he came with peaceful mission,
 To exchange his friendly greetings,
 With the man who represents us,
 Represents the Sovereign People,

Did not come like Ross, before him,
 Bringing fire, rapine and pillage;
 Came to proffer British friendship,
 Was treated in becoming manner.
 Then he visited Mt. Vernon,
 Paid respects unto the ashes,
 Ashes of our Country's Father.
 Whom his grand'ther called a traitor.
 For whose head "he put a price on,"
 Him the heir of Britain bowed to,
 And did homage at his tombstone.

He then journeyed to the southward,
 Roaming in the Old Dominion,
 Went to see her boasted statesmen,
 See the Presidential Mother.

There he found her saints and sages,
 Were all sleeping with their fathers.
 In their stead, a noisy rabble,
 With their odd, plantation manners;
 With the aspect of Bedouins;
 Clam'ring for the "blood of John Brown,"
 Getting "Wise" yet acting foolish;
 Led by customs which descended,
 From the Kings of old Dahomey.

Then the Prince resolved to leave them,
 Leave the slave and leave his master;
 Leave the chivalry instantler,
 Leave the land, worn out, exhausted;
 Cursed by chivalry and oppression;
 Barren waste of pine and scrub oak,
 Fields exhausted by tobacco;
 Smitten by the ghost of Stevens,
 Tortured by the "soul of John Brown,"
 Haunting them on to their ruin.

The excess of southern manners,
 Prompted him to hasten northward,
 And he left the Old Dominion,
 And the Monumental City,
 Sooner than he had intended,
 Lest attentions too oppressive,
 Might beguile him on his journey.

In due time, he came to Gotham;
 Great emporium of fashion;
 Great emporium of swindling,
 Traffic in swill milk and lager,
 Patent medicine and red-eye;
 Also famed for congregations,
 Other than the clergy sanction
 Openly, or by profession,

Such as short boys and dead rabbits,
Peter Funks, and Model Artists.

Here his Highness went to dancing,
(He'd capacity for dancing)
Danced with girls like Misses Simpkins,
With Miss Smirk and with Miss Nancy,
Danced with maid and also madame,
Danced the Polka with Miss Simper,
Danced and broke extempore stage down,
And does what his keepers let him.

Then he went to house of worship,
And the people flocked to see him,
See the Head of England's churches;
Prospective head of England's churches,
Worship Lord—(Lord only knows who)
With the aid of Priests and Bishops,
Numbering not less than forty.

The ovation being over,
Johnny making right responses,
As each lesson came in order,
And went through the proper motions,
As laid down in psalm and psalter.

Then he journeyed to the northward;
Left by steamboat, up the Hudson,
Left to see our renowned Excelsior,
Represented then by Morgan;
And the pretty maids of Gotham,
Anxious maidens and their mamas,
Followed on in hopes to take him;
Capture Britain in the person
Of Victoria's first born darling.

But he managed to evade them;
(Or his keepers managed for him)

So they kept him safe from capture,
By the Gothamitish army,
Army of a thousand women.

He had seen Prairie Flower,
Fairest of Kentucky's maidens,
And his Royal Heart was smitten,
At the sight of Samuel's daughter;
Flower of the *blue grass* region,
Of that bloody ground, the blossom,
Dark and bloody ground the blossom;
So he ran from maids of Gotham,
Reared on swill-milk and stale porgies,
Lest that little son of Venus,
With another dart should pierce him.

Shall the Royal blood of Britain,
Be debarred kind nature's promptings;
All the affections rupt and sundered,
Just because our Uncle Samuel,
Cannot trace his blood to tyrants?
The good feeling now existing,
(Now supposed to be existing)
'Twixt the Eagle and the Lion,
Father Bull and Brother Jonathan,
Leads towards the grave suspicion,
That Sir Johnny's careful keepers,
Liking much the broad plantation
Brother Jonathan possesses,
Contemplate a formal union,
John and Jonathan together;
Put the Unicorn and Lion,
And Columbia's screaming Eagle,
(Screaming loud each 4th of July;)
Into bonds of lasting union,
Union of the Heir Apparent,
Of the Crown of boastful Britain,
With the wild Prairie Flower,

Flower of the *blue-grass* region,
 In the bonds of matrimony,
 With these States in settlement,
 And the Canadas for dower.

For the time may come, and soon too,
 When the Monarchs of old Europe,
 Lords and Priests, and Dukes and Nobles,
 May require a land to flee to,
 May require to be protected,
 From the rising wrath enkindled,
 By their long and gross oppression.
 Since the hand of Garibaldi,
 Clenched the sword of Revolution,
 Europe's tyrants quake and tremble;
 See the sword that's "hair suspended,"
 O'er their heads, as did the ancient
 Damocles, in his carousal;
 They may have to flee for shelter,
 Into Jonathan's Republic,
 And be saved by that same—Home Rule,
 Now denied to suffering Erin.

We suppose, as we've a right to,
 That the Heir Apparent, came here
 To select his winter quarters,
 When the storms of revolution;
 When the principles of "Home-Rule,"
 Like the cyclones of Dakota,
 Make a general sweep in Europe.

But the Pope 'tis said wont come here,
 Will not quit the—Holy City,
 Does not like the Yankee people;
 Though they fused, did Sam and Patrick,
 Democrat and the—Know Nothing;
 Yet His Holiness wont come here.

Then when Lincoln was elected,
 Honest Abraham elected,
 There was raised a great commotion,
 And the proud—Palmetto Nation,
 Had assumed a tone defiant;
 Threatened to tear all creation
 Into everlasting tatters,
 And do things that ne'er were dreamed of—
 Take the State and budge off somewhere;
 Leave an aching void behind it;
 Some great gulf, or pit, or vortex,
 Into which her feeble sisters
 Could not fail to plunge and flounder;
 So that when the Prince or Peasant,
 Flee unto this land for shelter,
 From the quaking thrones of Europe,
 They will meet with dissolution—
 This fair fabric, by our Fathers
 Raised for their, and our protection,
 Will be weak, and be unable
 To maintain the Bond that held them.
 States will rush, *pell-mell* together;
 Anarchy and wild disorder—
 All the Plagues that Miss Pandora
 Loosed from out her little band-box,
 On our country will be emptied;
 All the country razed, destroyed;
 All but staunch old South Carolina:
 She will then be in her glory—
 All her fields be like Elysium,
 Covered o'er with sable angels,
 Who wont run away, nor wish to,
 While they're cared for by the—blood hounds.

All her sons be—Judge or General;
 (Those who hold the chains of bondage,
 And may whip or kill a nigger)
 None of them be less than Colonel;

For their Captains over bondmen,
 They will use the Northern—dough-face,
 Who'll consent to be a tyrant,
 For a little filthy lucre,
 With a chance for domineering
 Over those who are defenceless,
 And marry some rich planter's daughter.

With such dark untoward prospects,
 Such dread, awful, apprehensions,
 With the gloom of swift destruction.
 O'er these States hung—hair suspended—
 Had the Heir Apparent ventured
 Farther South than polished Richmond,
 Seen the polish on the pistol,
 Seen the gleam of polished *bowie*;
 Seen fire-eater and clay-eaters,
 He would sooner thought of fleeing
 To infernal realms for shelter.

But the Prince must hurry onward;
 He must view the modern Athens,
 Hub and center of Creation;
 See the cuteness of the Yankee,
 Natural, live, full-blooded Yankee,
 Measure wit with school of Concord;
 Practice in the art of guessing.

He also went to Boston Harbor;
 Went to see the spacious—*tea-pot*,
 Where was made tea by the cargo,
 Where a ship load made one drawing,
 Without cups, or spoons, or saucers;
 Went to see the Hall Faneuil,
 Where young Liberty was cradled,
 When his angry great grandfather,
 Undertook to spank the youngster;
 Young America the Glorious.

Went to see the Bunker chimney,
 Buildded of the Quincy granite;
 View the monument of Warren,
 Him, who thundered in Fanueil,
 He who rocked the wooden cradle,
 Where young Liberty was nurtured—
 See the half of all the ordnance,
 Of the Colonies of old time,
 Heavy, battering, *three pound* ordnance,
 Which the young and lively Yankee,
 Used with skill and restless vigor,
 To drub his grand'ther's hired Hessians.
 Saw the ground where Put. and Prescott,
 With their untrained, stubborn farmers,
 Without guns or ammunition,
 Met, and gave his grand'ther *Jessie*.

Then he traveled to the Eastward,
 As the Tories did before him;
 They went down to Nova Scotia,
 There to mourn their disappointment
 In the ears of the Bluenoses,
 He to see his *ma* in "Hingland."

PART IV.
THE REBELLION.

49

Brother Jonathan had prospered,
And from ocean unto ocean,
Had reduced the land to culture,
Laid his tracks of steel and iron,
Up the rivers. o'er the mountains,
Winding through each gorge and canon;
Built his tents in all the region,
From the Atlantic to Pacific.

In the valley, on the mountain,
Every breeze of night and morning,
Kissed the bright Star Spangled Banner,
Waving o'er a land of Freemen.
Jonathan was greatly prospered;
Was becoming strong and lusty,
And alarming to the Nations,
To the Eastward of the Atlantic;
Or, those nation's tyrant rulers,
Who feared Jonathan's example,
Of a self controlling people,
Prospering beyond all measure,
Would be likely, if continued,
To disturb their rotten Kingdoms.

Johnny Bull was greatly grieved.
About Jonathan's short comings,
In the matter of the negro
Being held in bitter bondage;
And it shocked his tender feelings;
Tenderer than when he paid for
Scalps of women and of babies,
Taken by the savage Indian;
Indian clothed with robes of office,
Brothers with the British soldier.

So he built a Hall, where he could
Go and vent his grief in *private*,
In a way that all might know how
Deep and lachrymal his woe was.

Exeter, he called the structure,
 Where his sighs and tears were mingled;
 Where he could express his 'orror,
 Of the sins another Nation
 'Gainst the black man, were committing.

And he sent his agents over,
 Over the Atlantic ocean,
 To admonish us in friendship,
 His dear, erring, wicked brothers,
 Or, at least we were his cousins,
 Who, in former times remembered,
 He had called—his erring children;
 Of the awful sin of holding
 Their black brethren in bondage.

He was grieved and sore afflicted,
 'Bout his cousin's wayward doings;
 Could not bear to see oppression,
 Where *his interest* wa'nt promoted,
 Where *he* could not profit by it.

John was suffering from contrition,
 Not for sins of his commission;
 All his cruelties so countless,
 Towering higher than the mountains,
 And as black as—"outer darkness,"
 He could meditate with pleasure.

Righteousness with him, is money;
 But 'tis wickedness in others,
 Wanton wickedness in others,
 To obtain the root of evil,
 In such ways as he is wont to.

In his zeal for Right and Justice,
 And sincere regard for mercy,
 He sent missionaries over,

To reprove our erring uncle,
 Uncle Samuel, his cousin,
 For his gross abuse of power,
 For his want of humane feeling,
 In his treatment of the lowly,
 Down trodden and defenceless negro.

He had tried his friend—to wallop,
 Wallop Jonathan, his cousin,
 As he now is wont to call him;
 For John could, when the occasion
 Served his purpose, by dissembling,
 Use hypocrisy when fighting
 Seemed a hard and risky business.

Twice had tried to flog the Yankee,
 And each time had got the drubbing,
 'Omeward twice was sent defeated,
 Had acknowledged he was worsted.

Then he meditated thuswise:
 “ I can whip the Bengal Tiger,
 “ Of my India's densest jungles,
 “ From the Leopard knock the spots off,
 “ Tan the skin of Ethiopian,
 “ Bull of Bashan can out bellow;
 “ Did I not the scourge of Europe,
 “ Bonaparte, so long victorious,
 “ Catch and chain upon an island,
 “ Far away in the mid-ocean?
 “ Have I not in this, and all things,
 “ Had my way until this Yankee,
 “ This infernal, *blarsted* Yankee,
 “ Whom I nurtured, raised and cherished,
 “ In his blindness raised resistance
 “ To my kindness tendered to him?”

John became quite meek and pious,
 That is, pious in appearance;
 Seemingly, reformed his actions;
 Made profession of religion,
 Other than he was the—Head of;
 Took to snivelling and crying;
 Cant, hypocrisy, and praying
 For his dear, but wicked cousins,
 Who held men in cruel bondage.

Some had hopes that John was truthful,
 That he'd surely been converted;
 That it was sincere repentance,
 Such as comes to hardened sinners;
 And 'twas hoped, that since reforming,
 He would lead a life more peaceful;
 Would no more engage the Indian,
 To pursue and scalp the women;
 Or the weak and helpless infants,
 Of his dear, beloved cousins—
 That he felt sincere repentance,
 For his shooting out his prisoners
 From the mouth of monster cannon—
 For his burning up the navy
 Of a friendly, neutral people;
 Because he thought 'twas for his interest—
 Absolutely starving prisoners,
 In the prison ship, the Jersey—
 Shooting prisoners without mercy,
 Who could offer no resistance,
 As at Dartmoor, he disdained not
 To shoot down his Yankee cousins—
 For his barbarous course in India,
 Slaughtering unresisting natives,
 Upon each and every pretext—
 For his forcing the—Celestials,
 To admit his drugs and nostrums—
 John would fight for love of money;

Be a sneak without compunction;
 But his main dependence once was,
 On the Hessian and the Indian,
 To subdue his Yankee cousins.

For these crimes, and many others,
 It was hoped he felt contrition;
 That his canting, whining, snivelling,
 Had reached down below the surface;
 Had reached down beneath the surface,
 Of the now repentant Cockney,
Seemingly, repentant Cockney.

Sad to say, but true however,
 He remained untouched, relentless,
 In his grasp for wealth and power;
 Never felt for crime remorseful—
 Only mourned for crimes of others.
 His, is that peculiar conscience
 Which relents for crimes of others.

Brother Jonathan, as it happens
 Often in the life of Nations:
 (Seen in families too often,)
 Had a jarring in his household;
 Had a feud of large proportions,
 Clouds of discord, black, and threatening,
 Dire catastrophe in prospect.

This grew out from an old evil,
 Planted by John Bull, himself here;
 Planted here against the wishes
 Of the better class of settlers—
 Planted here to serve his interest,
 And made Legal, also by him.

When he could no longer profit
 By the trade in human beings,

He assumed to feel a—"error,"
 For the very great injustice,
 (Of all villainy the sum of)
 The peculiar institution.

So, he missionaries sent here,
 To upbraid our wicked people,
 For their barbarous oppressions;
 For their lack of Christian feeling.

When the latent spark of—treason,
 Blazoned forth in red rebellion;
 John made public declaration,
 That he would be *neutral* with them;
 He'd be neither male or female,
 His good Queen was King of Britain,
 And his King was now a woman.
 John would see—or rather, she would;
 (Johnny's vague, uncertain gender,
 Greatly complicates this matter)
 That the rebels were protected,
 In the rights that equal Nations
 Claim, when warring with each other;
 That it was no insurrection
 To be dealt with like the Fenian,
 And such organized resistance
 To *his* sovereign will and pleasure.

John began to be less neutral,
 He began to lose his—"error"
 Of the cursed institution,
 And already was accepting
 The old doctrine of the races,
 Being one above the other;
 Found that—*Ham*, was made a *servant*,
 And of course, must have a *master*.

Also saw in Cuffee's shin-bone,
 Cranium, and other structure,
 Something that had fixed the matter;
 Made it sure that no respect was,
 Due from any white man, to him—
 Made it clear that man could justly,
 Enslave him to cheapen cotton;
 Enslave him to furnish cotton,
 For the Factories John had builded.

All would be humane and Christian,
 That would fill his realm with cotton,
 Furnish all his looms with cotton,
 For John's soul is made of cotton.

Brother Jonathan's reverses,
 And distracted situation,
 Gave to Europe's tyrant rulers,
 Hopes, that our free institutions,
 Which had shaken thrones and Empires
 By our glorious example,
 Would go down in blood and carnage—
 Show the world we were unequal,
 To the task of self-controlling,
 Ruling, governing, obeying.

Thinking that the way was open,
 That they might, by our disorder,
 Plant their odious institutions,
 Where 'twould give us inconvenience;
 Johnny Bull, and Johnny Crapeau,
 With the swarthy, treach'rous Spaniard,
 Formed an odious alliance,
 'Gainst our oft distracted neighbor,
 In the Halls of Montezuma,
 Feeling we could not resent it,
 Hoping it might sore annoy us,
 And in case *secession* prospered,
 It might prove the knell of Freedom.

Notwithstanding John agreed to't;
 Though he'd signed contracting papers,
 He withdrew when better chances,
 Offered for his making monsy;
 And he thought that his alliance,
 With Napoleon *le-petit*,
 Would not furnish him the needful;
 Recollecting the old adage—
 "He who sups with Satan, should have
 For his spoon a lengthy handle."
 He withdrew from his alliance
 With Napoleon the little,
 And solaced himself with thinking,
 Blockade running would pay better.

And he bought the Bonds Confederate,
 Issued to sustain Rebellion;
 Bought for permanent investment,
 (Permanent beyond his wishes,)
 Ran the blockade as occasion,
 Seemed to him to safely offer.

So, while making protestations,
 Of his friendly disposition;
 Of his fixed determination,
 To be neutral in the matter,
 That was rending the fair country
 Of his dear beloved cousins,
 He prepared his blockade runners;
 Sending guns and food and clothing,
 Medicines and ammunition
 Through the lines, to aid the rebels;
 Taking Bonds,—that when successful,
 Their Confederacy established,
 Were to be redeemed with cotton;
 John would sell his soul—for cotton.

When he took the uncertain chances,
 Of successful blockade running;

Ran the risk of losing vessel,
 Ran the risk of losing honor,
 (Little of the last however
 Had he left, to run a risk on,)
 Ran the risk of leaving questions
 For diplomacy to settle,
 Taking back and reconsidering
 Questions he had held aforetime—
 All these risks John took upon him,
 For a chance to “turn a penny.”

He has shown paternal feeling,
 For the calf, known as the golden;
 Not the ox of the Egyptians,
 Would he bow to with that fervor,
 That he would to ox of Aaron,
 The prospective ox of Aaron.

Shielded, he, the base marauder,
 Hovering along our frontier;
 Raiding, plundering and burning,
 Murdering, harassing, destroying;
 All the time professing sorrow
 For a people torn by faction,
 Trying to maintain their honor,
 Government and e'en existence.

And he fitted out the pirate,
 Fitted out and manned the pirate,
 That it might prey on our commerce;
 Closed his eyes while 'twas progressing,
 For all which “he paid the damage,”
 To avoid a retribution,
 Which he dreaded to encounter,
 Which he feared his loving cousins,
 Ought in justice to deal to him.

Could he cripple our resources,
 So the people would consent to,
 A disruption of the Union,
 Then would be accomplished fully,
 What he had so long desired.

When the pirate had been cornered,
 And was made to fight his equal;
 Johnny sent his hound, to rescue,
 His yacht—Greyhound, to the rescue,
 That the valiant Knight, the pirate,
 Who so valiantly, and fearless,
 Robbed and plundered unarmed vessels,
 Might not get what he so richly
 Merited, a hempen halter.

So John thought, that if a rupture
 Of these States should prove successful,
 That the "Cotton States" were feeble,
 In comparison with "North land,"
 And would lean on him for succor;
 He would make the institution,
 Odious Slavery Institution,
 (Which he felt would be less odious,
 When placed under his protection,)
 Furnish him and his with cotton,
 It was royal King, was cotton.

Slavery is not odious to him,
 When it serves his worldly interest,
 But he felt it much the safer,
 To profess himself a neutral,
 In the slaveholders rebellion,
 Than to come to open rupture
 With beloved Uncle Samuel.
 For he well remembered Perry,
 Whom he met, to whom surrendered,
 On this inland sea, Lake Erie,

Where he offered to the Rebels,
Such facilities for annoyance,
As were necessary for them.

He remembered General Jackson
Who met Packenham at Orleans,
Heard of Harrison and Johnson,
Who slew General Tecumseh,
British General, Tecumseh,
And he thought the safer method
Of promoting the Rebellion,
Was hypocrisy and cunning,
(Though it failed him now as ever,
It had done, against the Yankee,)
Yet he watched for an occasion.
In the dark to stab his cousin,
Brother Jonathan, in his trouble.

Past experience, made him wiser;
So he bolted the alliance
With his slippery friend—*le petit*,
To establish a new Empire
In the land of Montezuma,
And went in for making money,
Went *long* upon Confed'rate Bonds,
And longer still on cotton.

He also let a thriving Scotchman,
(Who could play on a *Scotch fiddle*,)
Build ships for the blockade runners,
Meanwhile he would be protesting,
He knew nothing of the matter,
That he meant to treat his cousins,
His beloved friends the Yankees,
With his most distinguished favor.

John has laid an obligation,
A left-handed obligation,

On this now, recupered nation,
 That may be repaid with interest,
 When he wakes some dismal morning,
 And goes out to take his bitters;
 And he meets the wild Fenian,
 Armed with weapons that the Yankees
 Have received from British foundries,
 He so generously lent to
Its belligerents, the Johnnies,
 Southern Johnnies, for the purpose,
 Of destroying this Nation.

Now the chalice he presented,
 To our lips for a libation,
 The indignant Celt, is ready,
 To prepare for—Merrie England;
 May compel the Lords of Britain,
 To the dregs to quaff the poison,
 They so freely tendered to us.

Even now, we see approaching;
 John Bull too, now sees approaching,
 An array of disaffection,
 "Dragon's teeth," of his own sowing;
 "Devil's chickens," homeward coming,
 For their roost on—Crown of Britain.

When the general conflagration,
 By the Celt, now being kindled,
 Shall o'erwhelm old England's rulers,
 And upset John's boastful Kingdom;
 Tear the mane off from his Lion,
 From the Unicorn his frontlet;
 Tan his Majesty's thick bullhide;
 Then the Celt, though now so helpless,
 Will make it into boots, to kick
 John's "dirty carcass," to perdition.



The Victory over Oppression.



PART V.

SETTLING UNCLE SAM'S ESTATE.

Our Uncle Samuel, otherwise called Brother Jonathan, was sick. For many years, he had been subject to a disorder contracted in a villainous and contraband intercourse with the people of West Africa, and generally known as—the Black Vomit. It had become so appalling that the trade was prohibited in 1808. Notwithstanding this prohibition, the disease continued quite as virulent as ever. About the year 1820, through the administration of a wonderful patent medicine, called Missouri Compromise, Uncle Sam was considered cured. Though the disease was manifestly an internal one, it had been thought, and was so held by the doctors, that if a *line* were only drawn around the patient's body on the outside, there would be no farther—Extension, of it. So they picked up an old *line* that had been long used, known as Mason and Dixon's, and hoped it would be strong enough for the purpose.

But it so happened that about 1830, Uncle Sam had an alarming relapse, and discharged a large amount of virulent ichor called—Nullification.

Again, the patient was seemingly cured by Gen. Jackson who administered a dose of “By the Eternal! this Government must and shall be preserved.”

But severe as the treatment was, it only allayed the difficulty for a time, and various and incongruous prescriptions were offered by different doctors, each of whom was confident that his own nostrum was the sovereign remedy required.

A Dr. Atherton, of the Granite State, felt sure that a *gag*, was the proper remedy; while Dr. Wilmot, of the Keystone State, believed a *Proviso* was necessary to qualify and mollify the symptoms arising from the nostrums Uncle Sam had been plied with.

Bully Brooks, of South Carolina, thinking the practice had not been sufficiently heroic, administered a dose of gutta percha, in the shape of a cane, which proved not to be a sedative, but rather an irritant, and aggravated the disease.

Then Uncle Sam was induced to take a prescription concocted by Dr. Fillmore, an eclectic physician from Buffalo, and great expectations of its efficacy were inspired. It was called a Finality, though it became soon manifest the "end was not yet." Dr. Pierce, came from New Hampshire, but Great Scott! how he came to be called, is a mystery; said the Finality prescription was good, and was doing its work well, but he allowed Dr. Douglas, of Illinois, who was too impatient to allow it to come to a Finis, incontinently put a big dose of Squatter Sovereignty down Uncle Sam's throat, which caused him to break out with the most dangerous and virulent of humors, such as—Border Ruffianism, Jayhawking, and the like. Dr. Pierce and Dr. Douglas' prescriptions had materially weakened Uncle Sam's "Constitution," when some of his hired men, such as Cobb, Floyd, and Thompson, seeing as they thought, the old man on his last legs, concluded they could rifle his pockets with impunity. Cobb, who had charge of Uncle Sam's exchequer, ran the business with such wild recklessness as to destroy all public and private confidence, inso-much that he couldn't borrow a small amount of money at twelve per cent. interest, to keep up Uncle Sam's table and pay the doctor's bills.

Floyd improved the opportunity to strip the old man of all means of self-defence; took his swords, pistols and muskets; took his powder-horn and shot-bag, while Toucey put in his time in stealing away with all his war ships and live-oak timber. It is supposed that Toucey, hailing as he did from Connecticut, was mainly intent on securing timber for the manufacture of "wooden nutmegs and cucumber seeds."

Some of the children, and especially the girls who had been romping among the "niggers" for a long time, seeing what was going on in the family mansion, concluded they too would "go in," and each

seize what she could lay her hands on and set up for herself. Miss Caroline, one of the oldest of Uncle Sam's girls, (and a firey old girl she was) made haste to grab for anything she could get.

Old Pub. Funk, Uncle Sam's nurse at the time, being a timid old cuss, and a bachelor, was shy of the aristocretic old girl, and was afraid to say anything to her lest she should get exasperated. He knew her touchy temper, and had heard that her diet was mostly of rattle snakes and gun-cotton. Every one knew that she *dipped*, and lived in a state of concubinage with a "nigger," and was constantly amusing herself by annoying the family because some of the boys held it wasn't respectable, though after all, as they hinted, the nigger was every whit as good as she was, if not a shade better, and did himself injustice by the connection. When old Pub. Funk, sent some jerked beef and hard-tack, to his boys at Fort Sumpter, she got on her high heel'd shoes and scared the men with the provisions away. The old *public functionary*, as he had called himself, said she had no right to behave so, but he had no right to *coerce* her. When she found he was afraid of her, and did not dare to say—"By the Eternal," she walked wider than ever.

Georgiana, a younger and bigger sister, always ate and drank and wore the same that Caroline did and was never tired of serving as her echo. If Miss Caroline proposed to eat a lightning rod plain, or drink aquafortis and brimstone straight, "Georgie" would try to do the same.

So, soon as she heard that "Carrie" had seceshed, she looked into the dictionary, to see what it meant, and went right off and did the same. This explains why we so soon heard the secession tune—"Hark from the Toombs a doleful sound," coming up from Georgia.

When there were to be any tantrums, it was always Caroline that gave the pitch. She was dreadfully obstreperous, when she couldn't have her own way, do just as she pleased,—“and be let alone.” As for letting her alone, many of the family had been only too glad to do it, if she would permit. Some of the boys intimated that she loved to be pestered, and that she would scream and tear her hair more when she was “let alone,” than she would when she was teased, even by a *nigger*. Whenever she went on a *rampage*, her sisters, adopted and otherwise, always joined with her in kicking up a *shindy*.

There was an adopted daughter, a *Miss Florrie Day*, that Uncle Sam had kindly taken from the Spanish poor house. She was ragged and dirty, had large cracks in her heels, her feet were full of jiggers, and she was covered with vermin. She was particularly and dreadfully overrun with pismires, tarantulas, centipedes, scorpions, skeeters, and the whole tribe of irritators. She lived mostly in the Everglades, was scrofulous and had the itch. Uncle Sam took her into his family, wiped her nose, had her washed and fumigated, clean clothes put on her; and he tried to educate and refine the National Topsy, who thought—and she was not altogether singular in that opinion) that she nebber had been born. It was evident that it wouldn't hurt her anyhow, to be "born again."

Every now and then there would crop out signs of her pauper bringing up. She hadn't been long in the family when she got into a fuss with Sam Jones, Billy Bowlegs, and Osceola, that could not be settled until Uncle Sam sent down Gen. Taylor, with a pack of blood hounds to drive them out of the Everglades. It cost a mint of money to keep her in proper trim. When this expensive and slatternly young lady heard that Uncle Sam was likely to die soon, she emulated the example of the others, and proceeded to steal Uncle Sam's alligators and rattlesnakes, with the necessary swamps and pine barrens for Miss Florrie Day to bring up her pets in. She has been known to *Bragg*, of her expertness in handling her peculiar pets. She reminded one strongly of the Cimbrian Prince, described by Hudibras,—

"Whose food

"Was asp and basilisk and toad,

"Which gave him such a stinking breath,

"Each night he'd stink a queen to death."

Mrs. Sippi, a married daughter (for that is what the prefix "Mrs." means) was notoriously mixed up with niggers, yet habitually professed to be shocked that her respectability should be questioned. She was, however, particularly noted for her disposition to borrow from whoever could be persuaded to lend. She had no such weak consciencious scruples, that would prompt her to pay again. She evidently considered it a stroke of genius to laugh at her benefactor. She had the *check* to do it. She borrowed largely from her big brothers who mostly lived at the North, and who by hard and unre-

mitting labor accumulated a surplus ever what was required for their own support. She called them "mudsills," and acted like she thought it a good joke to cheat them out of their pay.

She would borrow from these *mudsills*, and then pretend that she had lost the money, been robbed, or that the men she had entrusted with it, had kept it, or ran away, and so of course she would be justified in "repudiating" the debt. She became known as the—Great Repudiator.

She had an illegitimate son, Jeff. Davis, by name, who proposed to "die in the last ditch," but before he got to the ditch, he put on his wife's petticoat, and tried to pass himself off as an *old granny*. He still pretends to eat fire and lightning rods, and that he is preparing to redeem the *lost cause*, which he says isn't lost at all. Old Conestoga and Excelsior and Plymouth Rock's boys say he will have to eat all the shovels and tongs, and red-hot pokers in the country, before he can *redeem that cause*. And the Buckeye boys, the Wolverines and Hoosiers, the Badgers, Suckers and Hawkeyes, all say they will furnish the tongs and red-hot pokers until he is satisfied. Some think it a good plan, when he next preaches on—"the lost cause," to send him a new petticoat. He is a son worthy of such a mother, and the mother of the son.

Louisa Anna, another adopted daughter, made a grab for the money box Uncle Sam had entrusted her with and carried it off. An expensive child she had ever been. Free and easy in her manners, gifted with French vivacity, she gave no little concern to the Puritan members of the family.

Uncle Sam, getting up on his ear with righteous indignation, sent his rough and burly, but not diffident, Butler, to reason with the high-strung and flighty lady. She would not hear to reason at all, but set one of her boys to pull down some decorations, that this Butler thought were needful, when he gave the boy a dose of hemp that had a happy effect on the whole family. A man he was who not only could call a spade a spade, but who could call a lady who was not a lady, by any name that seemed to fit her better. Louise did not fancy his attentions at all; and called him Beast Butler. Then he only laughed and seemed to enjoy it. Then she tried to make people think that he had stolen her silver spoons; but that was a self-evident fib, for could not all see that he was not *spooney* on her? No!

it was evidently a put-up job. Louise's whole history was against her.

While her good and staid brothers at the North were attending church of a Sunday, singing psalms and hymns, and listening to the preachers discourse, (all those who were not asleep or drowsily nodding their assent to whatever was said) what was she doing? She was going to the bull-fight and to the fandango and other such gatherings. And while she was enjoying herself at these impious places, she would make *mouths* at her fanatical and psalm-singing brothers.

And on their part, as they cast their eyes up and down, over the hills and along the valleys of the North, in contemplation of the Sally Ann's, Mary Jane's, Anna Maria's, and beheld them everywhere outvying their brothers in psalm-singing and all the sobrieties of life, how was it possible to contemplate with a good grace, this gay and festive Creole, so airily disporting herself at fandangos and bull fights, barbarous relicts of the Spaniard; and that too, upon Sundays, a day on which they deemed it irreverent, if not absolutely wicked, to laugh?

Truth compels us to say that Uncle Sam has been particularly unfortunate in his adopted children. They have been the most exacting and least satisfied of any. It does not seem to be their forte to work at any kind of useful employment; but on the contrary they are affronted if asked to assist in the household, in the shop, and especially so when asked to assist on the farm, as they hold that to be degrading, and only fit for *niggers and mudsills*. They aspire to be mistresses of the household, and the legitimate children should do all the work.

Being above work, they are found faithless and light-fingered; the constant creators of trouble in the otherwise happy family. No! they wont work. They prefer to let the *jimson weed* grow in the streets, and to depend on the turkey buzzard to do the scavenging, and act as their health commissioners.

Miss Texie, rather crowded her way into the family, as we should say, without waiting to be adopted, and against the wishes of many of the older members. The first thing she proceeded to do after she got in, was to request Uncle Sam to pay up her debts, which amounted to a pretty formidable sum; a thing she had made no effort to do for herself. Then she wanted Uncle Sam to whip a neighbor of hers

from whom she had stolen the farm she was occupying, and to take a large strip adjoining which she had been unable alone to steal. Then she wanted to quit, and have Uncle Samuel divide his property with her and then "let her alone." When Miss Caroline rung her dinner bell calling her sisters to the feast of *Secession*, Texie had no chance at the money-bags which sister Louise Anna had gobbled up; she could only pluck a Twigg, from Uncle Sam's garden.

Mrs. Sour-eye, proved to be a virago of the first water. She gave a great Price, in order to keep up a constant annoyance and tantalization. She had a large family of unruly and impudent boys who were a pest to the country, and a great damage to her own interests, as well as others, earning for themselves such titles as Jayhawkers and Border Ruffians. They were as noisy as jays and cruel as hawks. After having got the taste of blood, they ceased to care whose blood it was. One of these ill-mannered boys, whose name was Quantrell, was particularly savage and brutish. They finally fell into promiscuous pillaging and bushwhacking; robbing everybody they met, thinking their Uncle was too far gone to be resurrected so that he could call them to an account for their misdeeds.

Mrs. Sour-eye, seemed rather to enjoy the dance of *Secession*, especially in the shape of the Polk-a. If there was "right smart of trouble" anywhere, it was sure to be on the plantation of Mrs. Sour-eye, or near by. Notwithstanding the bargains and Compromises she had made and patched up, she *would* keep up a fuss. She had an overseer whom she kept for thirty years, known as—"Tumble Bug Benton," who had become old and decrepid, and when he found he had lost control of the boys, he just up and died. Some of his own boys used to laugh and jeer him, and nick-named him by calling him "Old Bullion."

While the above named daughters, (indeed, all of our Uncle's daughters except little Miss Rhoda,) had been romping in the sunny South, and attending fandangos and bull-fights and *dipping*; his boys, six days in the week, had been busily engaged in planting, hoeing, and making everything that could be used, or would sell, from a steam-engine to a wooden lather-box and the bi-furcated clothes pin, in order to pay up Uncle Sam's debts and support the family, and occasionally, if not a little oftener, make a little money for to salt down.

They had been too busy to observe that Uncle Sam was ailing, and that the idle members of the family were disposing of his effects and otherwise conducting in a rude and scandalous manner. More than all, it had become a serious question if these industrious and thrifty people had not been so eaten up inwardly by the mercenary spirit, as to be devoid of the patriotism that had fired and made strong the souls of their forefathers. They seemed to be wholly given over to i-dollar-try. Any one who passed by on any other day than Sunday, might well fear their having been given over to the only too well known God called Mammon.

The Athenians, worshipping an unknown God on Mars Hill, were nothing to be compared to these i-dollar-ters of silver and gold, who bent the "pliant hinges of the knee," to "Old Marse," on his plantation. Did they not bow down to the cruel and exacting Fugitive Slave Bill? Did they not stone the prophets of Freedom in the streets of Boston? Did they not pray three times a day,—morning, noon and night, with their faces turned toward Southern Trade, even as the Jews, exiles in Babylon, weeping, and with their harps hung upon the willows, prayed with their faces toward Jerusalem? And had it not been proposed that,—in place of the degree of D. D., awarded by our Theological Seminaries, the degree of D. D. A. D. be conferred henceforth upon the whole population, and made obligatory? I need not say that this is a fact; or explain that these letters stand for—"Devotees of the Divinity of the Almighty Dollar."

Alas for the degenerate sons of noble sires! The Finality of Uncle Sam seems to have come sure enough. The curtain is to fall on the last act of the Republic. The epitaph is not to be "Gored to death by the Bull," but rather—"Died from want of Public Virtue." The country seemed to be going with railroad speed to Ruin, caused by the exercise and apparent supremacy of the baser passions.

When, therefore, the sick man was being dismembered as to his garments and bed-clothes by his hot-blooded and unfilial daughters and our Uncle's groans and expostulations seemed to be of no avail, it did the patriot's heart good to see the uprising of help, and hastening from all sides to where he lay. Messengers of aid and messages of cheer multiplied.

Every South-going train brought help and helpers.

Conestoga set Thad. Stevens to watch with Uncle Sam, and see

that he had proper care; and Excelsior set Billy Seward with his—Higher Law, to meet the—Irrepressible Conflict, he had for a long time seen approaching; and through the dirty streams of obloquy, the Buckeye Boy Wade-ed in to attend to the wants of his too long neglected Uncle.

Plymouth Rock left his engines and trip-hammers, Charter Oak his clocks, lather-boxes and clothes-pins, and little Rhoda, her loom and spinning wheel, to look after and nurse their common protector. The Hoosier, the Sucker, the Wolverine and the Badger, the Hawk-eye and the boys from the region of the Laughing Water, joined New England's hardy yeomen from the mountain, plain and ocean, and came to offer their assistance until such time as Uncle Sam should recover his strength, and be able to wallop such of his naughty children as needed it.

They turned off the old granny nurse, Pub. Funk., who had become imbecile and superannuated, (Thad. Stevens and Ben. Wade, said he had never been anything else) and employed a new one, Father Abraham: tall enough to reach to the height of the need, and having honesty and force of character enough to attend to it when reached. He took his beetle and wedges, put on his Scotch cap and came through Baltimore when it was filled with the friends of the spiteful and belligerent vixens who were trying their utmost to tear out Uncle Sam's vitals.

The coming of this genial and sympathetic nurse encouraged, enlivened and amused Uncle Sam, who was always fond of a joke. Many an hour, otherwise tedious, was whiled away in listening to this droll Old Abe, who told a story in a regular Mother Hubbard dress style. His stories were always fresh, breezy, and to the point; flowing, bewitching and sure to fit every time. Whether they were cut out of "whole cloth," or were brought to mind as reminders of what occurred in some former state of existence, is immaterial, they were always a close fit. Still the patient was greatly disturbed by the Irish *wake*, which, in utter disregard of all delicacy of feeling, had already commenced anticipative of the expected demise. There had already been a jig at Fort Sumpter, started by an old Ruffin and was led by Beau-regard, without any regard for the rights or feeings of Uncle Sam. Then old Mrs. Virginia, chin in air, as became the conscious mother of Presidents, stood in her front yard,

with her Wise man, shaking her,—*Sic Semper Tyrannis*, in the face of every one approaching her, "Sacred Soil."

They were falling into square and round dances all through the Southern country. Then Buell, Halleck, "Little Mc," and "littler" Fitz John, and 300,000 more, were sent down to restore quiet. The Generals went to parleying, in place of fighting. Little Mc. wrote to Old Abe, the new nurse, that he thought it—'ought not to be a war of conquest."

Very pretty *reviews* were held, 100,000 men in line, marched two miles out, and then back and encamp. These Generals succeeded in making it the quietest and peaceablest region on the continent. "All quiet on the Potomac," was the constant report.

And when Father Abraham said it reminded him of the Millenium misplaced; and remarked that down in Old Kaintuck, where he was raised, a review meant a backward look at something that had been done, and not a foreview and general jollification over what was to be done to-morrow; it seemed to the scientific Officer that the President was too trivial for anything.

Not to go into the details; at last Father Abraham got wind of a man by the name of U. S. Grant, who held to the old tactics of fighting, and reminded him of Slawson's dog,—when he got hold, he didn't let go.

There was one principle which Father Abraham saw that Grant saw was true; namely,—that Sunday is the seventh day of the week, and not the first. That was the identical rock on which the otherwise clever McClellan split. If our almanacs contradict that, it is because they are got up on a peace basis. So much the worse for the almanac. War and the Bible are against them. Some people do not realize the fundamental nature and importance of these religious convictions. Listen. If Sunday be, as is alleged, the first day, then it follows that, since the first day comes first, the first thing to do is, to do nothing; but put on one's Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, sit down and think of what he is going to do. Out of this faith grew McClellan. Grant, on the contrary, believing that Sunday was the last day of the week, went to work the first thing and only when he had done a good square week's work did he "review" what he had done, put on a clean shirt after washing up, and issue the General Order:—Thou shalt do no work, except to hold thyself in readiness for the Review and the quiet Dress Parade.

Still, except in the sense specified, General Grant was a very quiet man. He did not issue grandiloquent proclamations, nor *parlez vous* worth a cent. If he used big words it was only on big occasions. For example,—if there are no bigger words in the dictionary than these, “Immediate and Unconditional Surrender;” and “I propose to Move Immediately upon your Works;” it also must be admitted that there was no bigger deed done in the war, than the taking of the Fort that gave occasion for the same big words. In imitation of Grant’s brevity, I will now finish the story of the Unpleasantness in Uncle Sam’s family.

The aforesaid Grant, taking Lee by the nape of the neck, held him tight, while Sherman, and Thomas and little Phil. Sheridan, went around and restored quiet, and put the household in order again.

We have not lost sight of John Bull all this time that we have been watching the progress of the jig that was kicked up at Fort Sumpter. Instead of having a friendly feeling for a national brother in distress, Bull watched closely to see when he would “peter out.” His right fore hoof itched to paw the dirt, and he thirsted for gore. But he remembered how, as a lad, Uncle Sam was a hard and wirey customer to handle, and so he was cautious. If, however, he could but find an occasion or pretext, then he would bellow and make the dirt fly! This came. Mason and Slidell started out on one of Bull’s boats, to go over and induce Bull to go in with the romping daughters of Uncle Sam while he was sick, and clean out the ranch for him.

One of Uncle Sam’s war vessels happened to run into her Majesty’s craft and take off these Rebel Commissioners, so intent was the enthusiastic Captain on taking these Rebels. John Bull roared vigorously, and made unwarrantable demands, for the surrender to him of these rebels.

Father Abraham was reminded of Bill Sykes’ dog and let the dogs go. Bull was disgusted and disappointed, since his precipitate preparation for war went for nothing.

Quickly dropped the tail, lowly drooped the head of Johnny Bull when Lee surrendered. He saw that Uncle Sam’s funeral had been indefinitely postponed; that U. S. was convalescent; and it dawned upon his mind that he had made a *bull* indeed; if not an *ass* of himself. In fact, it began to dawn upon him that possibly a day of reckoning was looming up in the near future.

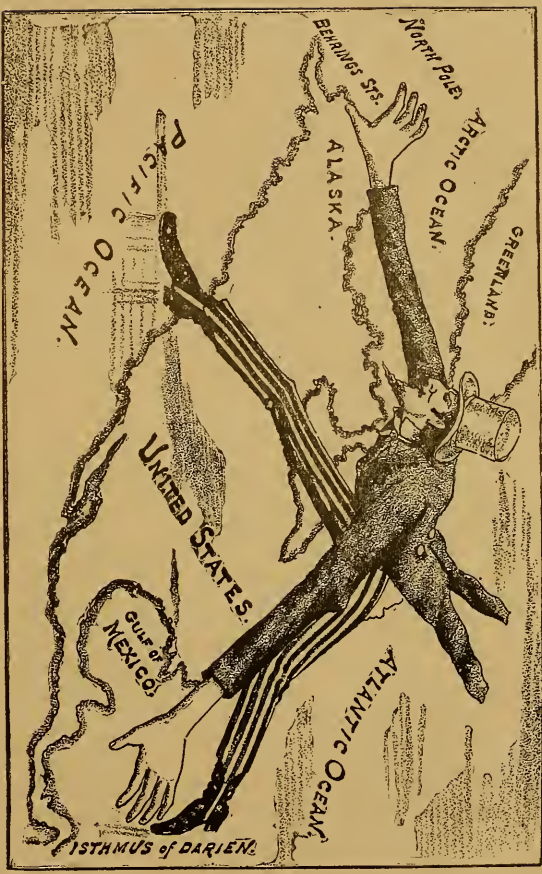
As for Uncle Sam; he was much better, and was getting along finely. His system had been cleaned out by the blue pill of Emancipation, and he was no longer liable to those virulent diseases that had so long afflicted him, such as Black Vomit, Miscegenation and kindred evils.

All the doctors now saw that they misunderstood the case. Their Compromises, Finalities, etc., only had a tendency to aggravate and drive the disease inwardly, and was sure to break out in a tenderer spot. Uncle Sam being now up and dressed, and good for three good square meals a day, diplomatically enquired of John Bull, what he meant by his unkind and unneighborly treatment of him while he was sick?

John, after his usual manner on such occasions, said he "didn't mean nothin' by it;" he only supposed that his dear cousin, son, brother, dear friend and bosom companion was going to die; and he only wanted to keep in with the executor for prudential reasons; and if his dear friend felt wronged in any way, he stood ready to pay the damage. Far be it from two English-speaking and Christian Nations to get at loggerheads and fight like the uncircumcised! Let there be peace; let there be an Arbitration.

Then John pulled out his wallet, which it exceedingly galled him to do, looked at the American Eagle, battle-scarred with the conflict it had just come triumphantly out of, and showing "blood in its eye," John reluctantly began to count out fifteen millions and a half of dollars, and hoped Uncle Samuel would be willing to call it a square.

Uncle Sam has now become lusty and strong again. It does not seem likely at present, that John Bull, or any of his hangers-on, or sympathizers will get a chance to attend the funeral of "E Pluribus Unum," or take a hand in settling his pretty extensive estate. That dose of Emancipation is what did the business. He now stands with one foot on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific oceans, striding the Continent like a Colossus. With one hand he has hold of Behring's Straits and is reaching for the North Pole, and with the other for the Isthmus of Darien, and will undoubtedly tie them together. He never felt so lithe and "kitteny" in his life as he does at this moment. He declares that it is no wise hard to believe the story of the



He now stands with one foot on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific oceans striding the Continent like a Colossus.

man who "threw up three black crows," for he has thrown up four millions, and feels altogether stronger for it.

He is fond of reading about the perfect man Job. He knows how it is himself. He has passed through great trials and tribulations and was afflicted with worse than boils from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; and to cap the climax of his A. No. 1 misery, he had more Counsellors to give him advice and upbraidings.

Job survived the attacks of Satan and the Counsellors and came out all right. So also our Uncle Samuel triumphed over the Copperheads, as well as his romping, renegade daughters, and displays a vigorous *new life*, of which he had previously no conception. And when his children shall come to fully understand and put in practice the principles of the "Equal Rights of All," then, we may look forward with hope to eventually realize a state of society closely approximating the Millenium.

PART VI.

ADDENDUM.

When anything is put before the public which requires an apology for so doing, it is apparent that the Author thinks that the message contains matter of questionable character, or that is not generally approved by society, as it exists at the time.

If, in this hurried, and not always reverent, allusion to the most important events in the world's history shall prove to be offensive to some, we will deem it an indication that for all such, it is a matter that absolutely needs their earnest consideration.

When any feel a desire that a *matter of fact*, should be forgotten; that the remembrance is distasteful to them, they need no better evidence to convict themselves of error in thought, word, or deed. Unless the feelings receive an occasional shock, they will settle down to a state of stupidity, where the *fungi*, and moral mould, is sure to flourish. A moral *Cyclone* has its uses, as well as those in the material world.

In one of the ancient mythologies, the river Lethe, was one of the rivers of the lower world, the waters of which possessed the property of causing a total forgetfulness of the past. Of course to the more wicked of the shades, or, as we have learned to say now-a-days, of the inhabitants of Sheol, a draught of this water that rendered them oblivious of their unpleasant past, must be very desirable. To some people, forgetfulness means Elysium; and they would not only drink of the fabled waters themselves, but would also force all others to drink so deeply thereof as to be drowned in a *lethargy* concerning their misdeeds of other days.

There is a disease called "Anglomania," the sure symptoms of which are the affectation of English fashions, English Cockneyisms, English barbarisms of dress, of speech and manners, together with the affectation of despising whatever is genuinely American. But in order that one may take this disease, he must have dabbled in the waters aforesaid and have forgotten all that has transpired between this "mother and daughter," as so many are wont to characterize them.

Our imitators of English ways always copy the worst defects and deformities of those whom they ape, and become by a sort of reversed Evolution, ape descendants of higher ancestors. Nature having given them the glorious opportunity of ascending to high destinies, they prefer to be literal descendants. American soil offers a grand theater for fresh and new developments of civilization.

The whole history of the New World indicates the creation of something new; and a constant excision, or cutting off from the old, that there may be something new produced among the Nations.

The English Government thrust our forefathers out as old Pharaoh did the Israelites, and would gladly have drowned them in the sea. These forefathers, instead of succumbing to hard fate, organized a popular government, based upon the principle of the "equal rights of all," a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people;" a government it has cost rivers of blood to secure; a fact that we fear many fail to appreciate. And now, in order that we may maintain and perfect this system, it is necessary that we *remember* and not forget our History.

We ought also to remember that in all the dealings we have had with the British Government, cupidity and not affection has ever been the controlling power we have had to contend with, notwithstanding their claims so often preferred, of relationship. Some people are anxious that the whole matter of the Slaveholder's Rebellion should be ignored and forgotten; and when one would recall the days of our trial and of our patient suffering and sublime heroism; when the orator or writer would speak of the Great Conflict upon which the destiny of Freedom and the Rights of Man, hung; and draw lessons from these sacrifices and heroisms, there are those who cry out—"he is waving the bloody shirt."

For our part, we would never forget. □ True charity does not demand it of us. The historian who ignores it, is a falsifier. In this little book, we commence by giving an account of the horrible barbarities the British Government perpetrated [in our country during the two wars we have had with it, and if the relation of it is distasteful, what must the reality have been ?

WHAT GEN. SCOTT THOUGHT OF THE MASON AND SLIDELL AFFAIR.

A letter from Gen. Scott to the United States Consul at Paris, and communicated to the French press, takes the ground that the seizure of Mason and Slidell, on board of the British vessel, the *Trent*, could be no cause of disturbance to the amicable relations between the two nations, "*because* it was done in accordance with the principles the British Government had always maintained."

After discussing the question in its various aspects he proceeds:—"I do not see how the friendly relations of the two governments are in any immediate danger of being disturbed. *That the over prompt recognition as belligerents*, of a body of men, however large, so long as they constituted a manifest minority of the nation, wounded the feelings of my countrymen deeply I will not affect to deny; nor that the act, with some of its logical consequences which have already occurred, has planted in the breasts of many, the suspicion that their kindred in England wish them evil rather than good, &c."

Mr. Gladstone, at the head of that portion of the British people supposed to be the most liberal and friendly to the American people, made the awkward apology, "That he supposed the rupture would be permanent;" therefore there could be no harm in grasping for the lion's share of the spoils.

The British government has never let slip an occasion where it could safely annoy us. In the more than hundred years of our separate existence, every opportunity to annoy us when we were unable to resent it has been embraced.

The case of the seizure of Mason and Slidell, was one of a peculiar character. It was done upon the principles the British Government

had strenuously maintained and practiced, and had been as persistently opposed by our own. It was a turning of the tables, our government doing what it had always condemned, and the British objecting to a course it had always practiced. In our case, the Government was struggling to preserve its existence, which a friendly nation would rather aid than to embarrass; while the British had no occasion, as Gen. Scott inferred, to be in any way offended by the proceeding.

BRITISH PROSPECTS PREVIOUS TO THE REVOLUTION.

The outlook for the permanent prosperity of the British Kingdom, previous to the separation of the American Colonies from the Crown, was such as to give assurance of a most brilliant and prosperous future. It was in reality, more favorable than the most extravagant imagination could have depicted at that time.

In the first place, no people or section of country had ever successfully separated themselves from British rule; nor has it ever been successfully done any where outside of our own country. without falling under the rule of some other, and generally more despotic sway, or, into a state of anarchy, like the so-called Republics of South and Central America and Mexico.

The production of cotton in our country in 1776, was extremely limited, and its importance in a national point of view was not even considered at that time. Without the aid of the *cotton-gin* invented by Eli Whitney in 1793, and other devices by which the seed is separated from the fiber, the institution of negro slavery would have died out in the South as it did in the North, being unprofitable. The invention of Mr. Whitney made the production of cotton exceedingly profitable, and changed the aspect of affairs between the States, as well as with the rest of the world.

Had the cotton interest been developed in 1789, no such compact as was then formed would have been possible.

It is also more than probable that without that improvement, the *cotton-gin*, wool, instead of cotton, would have been "King." But it is now plain to be seen, that the loss of the American Colonies by the British, was of far more importance to her future prosperity than was apparent at the time.

Napoleon Bonaparte characterized the British as "a nation of shop keepers," which, including manufacturers, is true.

It now needs no stretch of the imagination to clearly see, that, had our war for independence been a failure, we would have been left helpless against British rule, as Ireland is to-day, the land would be mostly held by Landlords in England, and by the "Laws of Primogeniture," the estates would have been kept inviolate, and the British Aristocracy would have been enabled to overawe and dominate in all the affairs of the world.

The history of the world was largely influenced by that uprising of the people, and what has been called the *battle* of Lexington, by which the British were driven back to Boston, we may safely say—more largely, than by any previous battle recorded in the annals of the world.

In the meantime, the people of this country, now firmly established as a Nation, enjoying a degree of prosperity heretofore unknown, would have been mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water," for the building up and strengthening the British Throne.

The system of negro slavery, established here under British rule, we have good reasons for believing, would have been universal; the Northern Colonies being the *breeding grounds* for filling the ranks of Southern labor.

Any wrong is always aggressive and constantly on the watch to strengthen its position, and as it acquires strength, it over-awes and seems to compel many of those who are seriously injured by it, to give it their support.

The history of the world is an almost unvarying recital of feats of war and carnage; the interest or ambition of an aspiring man leading thousands of his fellow beings who have no interest in the matter, into the jaws of death and destruction, scattering woe, want and suffering broadcast over the world. What interest had the half million of men whom Napoleon led against Russia in 1812, and who mostly perished by cold, exposure and drowning in the passage of rivers on their retreat from Moscow.

Who! besides Napoleon Bonaparte, of that largest army that had at that time been raised, were to be benefitted, even had it been victorious? Not one of that half million of subordinates had any wrongs to redress; not one had a prospect of betterment in view.—

They were simply led by *one man*, who, had he been able to lead only a few, would have been rated a bandit, a robber. Thus has it ever been.

Two hundred and forty thousand slave holders in the South, dominated and ruled twelve millions of negroes and "white trash;" held all the offices, made all the laws in their own interest, not only in their own States in the South, but largely also in what was called the Free North.

It is not safe or right to forget that when this country was in the very throes of apparent dissolution, there was, even in the North, a very large minority of its citizens who clamored for "peace at any price," and when the final surrender of the rebels came, were zealous clamorers for "The Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was," and whose greatest fear appeared to be—that the institution of Slavery was likely to be swept away. We affirm with the utmost confidence in its truth, that it is neither wise, just or safe for the rising generation to forget the position that the political parties held in this country during its struggle for existence, from 1861 to, and until long after the surrender at Appomattox. Neither is it wise or safe, to become too intimate with the British Government; for it must be, as it ever has been, ready to strike us down should an opportunity offer. British institutions and interests are so at variance with ours, that only superficial courtesy is possible, for our Republican form of Government is a standing menace to all the Aristocratic and Monarchical Governments of Europe. But for our example, Spain would be holding the so-called Republics of Mexico and South America as Colonies yet, and France would have been still continuously ruled by the Bourbons.

So many people appear to be anxious to have a *leader*, that they can look up to and follow, that it is not at all surprising that there should be enough to not only lead, but to put the yoke upon them and drive, too frequently using the lash remorselessly.

The foundation of all the dependence and often cringing sycophancy, undoubtedly begins in the family relation, where absolute and unreasoning obedience of the children is required, by the parent, setting up an authority which his *example* will not warrant, and ignoring the fact that the first duty of the parent is to set an example *to*, and not establish an authority *over* the child. In a country like ours,

where the *people* are the fountain of law and order, it is of the utmost importance that the rulers are trained to habits of thought, and a larger degree of self reliance, and particularly, of a clear conception of the "equal rights of all." Though majorities may be, and undoubtedly often are misled, and greatly wrong, the remedy lies not in organized clans and dynamite, as so many seem to suppose; for, if one man, or class of men may correct abuse of power with dynamite, then other classes and organizations may do the same, and barbarism and anarchy will be the result.

In a Republic like ours, where each individual is both a Sovereign and a Subject at the same time, there is no occasion for the resort to force, such as may be necessary under a Monarchy or Aristocracy like Great Britain.

Here, there is nothing to prevent the child of poverty and scorn from attaining the most honorable position in life, as has frequently been done; children taken from the *poor house*, who never knew who their parents were, have achieved distinction in the pulpit, at the Bar, on the Bench, and in our Legislative Halls, and some who seemed to be born to an inheritance of ignorance, poverty, and certain destitution, have achieved the greatest distinction that can be conferred on man. This is not the case under any other form of government, and measures for the redress, or amelioration of wrongs which would be very reprehensible here, may not be only justifiable, but necessary under the sway of an absolute ruler like the Czar of Russia, or under the rule of an Aristocracy like the British. Where a country has been subdued by conquest, and the lands divided among a few followers of a victorious chief, like the Norman conquest of England, and these large estates kept inviolate by law, it is difficult to see how the unenfranchised many can regain their rights without making it *warm* for their oppressors.

Ireland is now the most prominent example of the evil effects of keeping the land in the hands of the few, and in this case the *few* are mostly residents abroad. This *Feudal* feature of the British Government renders impossible any cordial and reliable friendship between them and a government like ours; founded upon the principle of the equality of political rights. So far as at present appears, neither Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Parnell, propose to abolish the laws of primogeniture, so that the large estates may be broken up and these

semi-feudal estates sold to pay the debts of the spendthrift landlords; but are clamoring for an Irish Parliament, whose Acts, when passed, to become operative, must receive the sanction of the Imperial authority of the Crown. Gulliver relates that in Russia it was customary to have the tongue of the sleigh project beyond the reach of the team, where a measure of oats would be placed, and the stupid animals would run all day trying to overtake it. This seems to be about all Gladstone and Parnell propose to do for the Irish, about which so much is said at present.

In this State, in which the county of Chautauqua forms one of its extreme points, all lands are, by the Constitution of the State, declared to be *allodial*; they are the absolute property of the owner; may be alienated by him at his pleasure, and if he dies intestate, his property will by law be divided equally among his nearest of kin. If the large estates in Ireland could be similarly broken up, so that the prudent and industrious could acquire and hold in their own right small portions of real estate, as can be done in this country, the people there would see the dawn of a brighter day. For the most of the "absentee landlords" are notoriously profligate, and their lands would come into market as fast as the people would be able to receive them, and if the same system should be adopted throughout Britain, the whole system of Landlordism and the Crown too, would soon fall into ruin. Were the Laws of Primogeniture abolished, then the extension of suffrage and a Local Parliament would mean something, for the Crown would be so weakened that "Home Rule" would have to be respected.

Had Lord North, and the Ministers of George the Third, played the same game with the American Colonies that Gladstone and Parnell are now proposing for Ireland, we, also, would now be subjects of the British Crown. But at that time Britain had lost no Colonies by revolt, and assumed an overbearing and dictatorial aspect, that she does not now dare to repeat, even towards Ireland, which she has so completely disarmed and impoverished. There would be no use for the British, or any other nation to hold Colonies, near or remote, unless they by so doing could control their commerce in their own interest, to the exclusion of all others.

In fact, the Colony must pay for the subordinate position it occupies. Our neighbors of the Dominion of Ontario are occupying this

position towards the British throne. Lying along side of the United States, under similar circumstances of having a large area of territory with a comparatively sparse population, and a frontier adjoining us of five thousand miles in length, upon which disputes and controversies must be continually arising, and the keenest diplomacy be in constant action; for where there is a difference of interest there will be constant evasions of all treaty stipulations by both sides; whereas, if the Canadas, with the rest of British America, was made a component part of the U. S., trade and intercourse would be as free and easy between them and us, as it is now between the different States. It would be the most natural position for both countries. Canada would be raised from her dependent position to an equality with the Nations of the world; it would settle the "fishery," and all other conflicting questions, which the shrewdest statesmen will be unable to accomplish. There is no good reason why there should not be the most cordial friendship between the two peoples, and yet, it cannot and ought not to be forgotten, that during the progress of "our unpleasantness" they petted the enemies of our country, and afforded them facilities to raid along our border, as they successfully did at St. Albans, and the aid and sympathy of the authorities, as well as that of many of the inhabitants, was clearly given to the marauders.

Perhaps we have been as derelict in our duty towards them, as they have been towards us, for we have not forgotten the so-called *Patriot War* of 1837-8, and the Fenian Raids of a later date. Such difficulties are constantly arising and must continually arise between governments founded upon such conflicting principles. As the country becomes settled throughout the five thousand miles of frontier, without including Alaska, the chances for contention will be largely increased, all of which can be easily dispensed with by bringing the two parts together, and making them part and parcel of a grand and extensive whole.

With interests precisely the same, such acts of unkindness never would have been developed between the two peoples, but for this pestiferous line, which obstructs the free and easy communication between them.

Not so with the densely populated kingdoms of the old world, and particularly of Great Britain. Her interest is to do our manufacturing and keep us producing breadstuffs for her centers of manufacturing

industry. No matter what her pretensions are, she must be in the future, as she has been in the past, our *natural enemy*, politically, commercially, and consequently, socially.

These relations and feelings need not, and ought not to exist between the U. S. and Canada; but to show the state of feeling that absolutely does exist we extract from the proceedings and testimony given in the trial of the Assassination Conspirators by Court Martial, at Washington, in May and June, 1865.

EXTRACTS
FROM PAGE 132 AND UPWARDS OF THE TRIALS OF
THE ASSASSINS AT WASHINGTON.

[TESTIMONY OF RICHARD MONTGOMERY.]

Richard Montgomery, a witness called for the prosecution, being duly sworn, testified as follows:—

By the Judge Advocate—Q—Are you a citizen of New York?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—State whether or not you visited Canada in the summer of 1864?

A—I did.

Q—How long did you remain there?

A—I remained there, going back and forth, ever since, until within about a week and a half or two weeks time.

Q—Did you or not know in Washington City, Jacob Thompson, formerly Secretary of the Interior, and Clement C. Clay, formerly of the United States Senate?

A—I did.

Q—Will you state whether you met those persons in Canada, and where?

A—I met them in Canada, at Niagara Falls, at Toronto, at St. Catharines, and at Montreal a number of times, and very frequently since the summer of 1864, up to this time.

Q—Did you or not meet George N. Saunders?

A—I did.

Q—And a man by the name of J. P. Holcomb?

A—Yes sir, Professor Holcomb.

Q—Can you name any other Rebel citizens of the United States in Canada, of note, that you met?

A—Yes sir, I met Beverly Tucker, N. C. Cleary, (I think those are the initials) and a great many others under fictitious names; there was another one by the name of Harrington; those are the ones that I principally had communication with; I met another one by the name of Clay, not Clement C. Clay; I met one Hicks up there also.

Q—Under how many different names did Jacob Thompson pass in Canada, do you know?

A—It would be impossible for me to tell you. I knew him under three or four, and others knew him under other names; his principal name was Carson.

Q—Do you know under what name Clement C. Clay passed?

A—Yes sir; one of them was Hope; another, T. E. Lacy; I have forgotten the initials of his name as Hope; T. E. Lacy was the principal one; another was Tracy.

Q—State any conversation you may have had with Jacob Thompson in Canada, in the summer of 1864, in regard to putting the President of the United States out of the way, or assassinating him?

A—During a conversation in 1864, Jacob Thompson said to me that he had his friends (Confederates) all over the Northern States, who were ready and willing to go any length for the good of the cause of the South, and he could at any time have the tyrant Lincoln, and any others of his advisers that he chose, put out of his way; that he would but have to point out the man that he considered in his way and his friends, as he termed them, would put him out of it, and not let him know anything about it if necessary; and that they would not consider it a crime when done for the cause of the Confederacy.

Q—Did you or not, see Thompson some time in the month of January, 1865, and where?

A—That was in Canada, in Montreal.

Q—Will you state what he then said to you, if anything, in regard to a proposition which had been made to him to rid the world of the tyrant Lincoln, Stanton, Grant, and some others?

A—He said that he knew the men who had made the proposition were bold, daring, men, and were able to execute anything they would undertake without regard to cost; that he, himself, was in favor of the proposition, but had determined to defer his answer un-

til he had consulted his Government at Richmond, and that he was then only awaiting their approval; he said he thought it would be a blessing to the people, both North and South, to have those men killed.

Q—This was in January?

A—That was in January last.

Q—What time in the month was it?

A—It was about the middle of the month; I saw him a number of times; I could not give the exact day of that conversation.

Q—Was it about that time that you saw Clement C. Clay, and had a conversation with him?

A—No sir; in the summer of 1864, immediately after Mr. Thompson had told me what he was able to do, I repeated the conversation to Mr. Clay, and he said "that is so; we are all devoted to our cause, and ready to go any length, to do anything under the sun," was his expression, I remember: "to serve their cause."

Q—Look at those prisoners at the bar, and see if you recognize any of them as having been seen by you in Canada, and under what circumstances?

A—I have seen that one without his coat, (pointing to Lewis Payne, one of the accused); I don't know his name.

Q—Will you state when, and under what circumstances you saw him?

A—I have seen him a number of times in Canada; I saw him about the Falls in the summer of 1864, and I saw him again, I guess it was the last time, and had some words with him, at the Queen's Hotel, at Toronto City, Canada West.

Q—State all that occurred at that time?

A—I had had an interview of some time with Mr. Thompson; several others had sought an interview while I was closeted with him, and had been refused admittance; after I was through with Mr. Thompson, and in leaving the room, I saw this man Payne, in the passageway, near his door; Mr. Clement C. Clay, Jun., was talking with him at the time. Mr. Clay stopped me and held my hands, finishing a conversation in an undertone with this man, and when he had left me for a moment he said, "wait for me, I will return;" he then spoke to some other gentlemen who were entering Mr. Thompson's door, and he came back and bid me good-bye, asking me where

he could see me in half an hour, and I told him, and made an appointment to meet Mr. Clay; while Mr. Clay was away from me, I spoke to this man, and asked him who he was; I commenced talking about some of the topics that were the usual topics of conversation among the men there, and he rather hesitated telling who he was; he (Payne) said, "Oh, I am a Canadian," giving me to understand that I was not to ask any more.

Q—Did you not ask Thompson, or Clay, who he was?

A—Yes sir, I made some mention in regard to this man to Mr. Clay, in the interview I had with him about half an hour after I saw him standing in the passageway, and he said—"What did he say?" Said I, "He said he was a Canadian;" and he said, "That is so, he is a Canadian;" and laughed.

Q—Did he say he was one of their friends, or make any remark of that sort?

A—He said—"We trust him."

Q—What was the idea conveyed by the term, "Canadian," with his laugh?

A—That was a very common expression among their friends that were in the habit of visiting the States, and gave me to understand that I was not to ask any more questions; that their intercourse was of a very confidential nature, and that their business was of a very confidential nature.

Q—Have you been in Canada since the assassination of the President?

A—Yes sir.

Q—State whether you met any of these men of whom you have spoken, on your return to Canada, and if so, what conversation you had with them there in regard to the assassination of the President?

A—I met Beverly Tucker, a very few days after the assassination, three or four or five times.

Q—Where?

A—At Montreal.

Q—What conversation had you?

A—He said a great deal about the wrongs that the South had received at the hands of Mr. Lincoln, and that he deserved his death long ago; that it was a pity that he did not have it long ago; and that it was too bad that the boys had not been allowed to act as they wanted to.

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Q—Do you mean by these boys, the men who were to assassinate him?

A—Yes sir, the Confederate soldiers who were up there, who had been engaged in their raids; they used the expression "their boys," in regard to the soldiers and the men in their employ. It is common among them.

Q—Did you meet Mr. Booth there?

A—No sir, I never saw Mr. Booth in Canada.

Q—Did any of those men of whom you have spoken, say that Booth was one of the men referred to by Jacob Thompson, who was willing to assassinate the President?

A—Yes sir; W. H. Cleary told me. I related to him the conversation I had had in connection of it with Mr. Thompson in January, and he said that Booth was one of the parties to whom Thompson had reference.

Q—Did he say in that connection anything further in regard to him?

A—No sir; he said in regard to the assassination that it was too bad that the whole work had not been done.

Q—What did you understand by that expression, the whole work?

A—I inferred that they intended to assassinate a greater number than they succeeded in trying to.

Q—Do you know what relation this man Cleary sustained to Thompson?

A—Mr. Holcomb told me I would find Mr. Cleary to be the confidential, sort of secretary to Mr. Thompson. Mr. Thompson told me he was posted upon all of his affairs, and that if I sought him at any time that he might be away, I could state my business to Mr. Cleary, and it would be all the same; that I could have perfect confidence in him, that he was a very close mouthed man.

Q—Did Cleary make any remarks when speaking of his regret that the whole work had not been done; was any threat made to the effect that it would be yet done?

A—Yes sir; he said they had better lookout; we are not done yet, and remarked that they never would give up.

Q—What statement did Cleary make to you, if any, in regard to Booth's having visited Thompson?

A—He said that he had been there twice in the winter; that he

thought the last time was in December; he had also been there in the summer; he said he had been there before December, he thought that was the last time.

Q—On your return to Canada, did you learn from these parties that they supposed themselves suspected of the assassination; and were they taking any steps to conceal the evidence of their guilt?

A—Oh, yes sir; they knew a very few days after the assassination that they were suspected of it. Tucker and Cleary both said they were destroying their papers.

Q—Have you stated what Tucker said to you when you had an interview with him after you returned?

A—He said it was too bad that they had not been allowed to act when they wanted to of the United States Government.

Q—(Submitting to witness a paper containing a secret cipher.) Will you look at this, and state if you are familiar with the cipher used by the Confederate authorities?

A—I am familiar with two of them. The paper containing the cipher was here offered in evidence.

Q—Do you recognize that as one of the ciphers in use among the Confederates?

A—Yes sir.

Q—During your stay in Canada, were you or not in the service of the Government, and seeking to acquire for its use information in regard to the plans and purpose of the Rebels, who were known to be assembled there?

A—I was.

Q—To enable you to do this, did you or in your proper and necessary that you should assume a different name from your real name, and that under which you now appeared before this court?

A—Yes sir, I did.

Q—What did you learn they were doing, if anything?

A—They were destroying a great many papers; they also knew they were going to be indicted in Canada for a violation of the neutrality laws a number of days before they were indicted.

Q—How did you learn they were destroying papers about that time?

A—They told me.

A—A gentleman who represented himself to me as being in their

Q—Which one of them?

A—Each of them made mention of that.

Q—What name did you assume in your intercourse with them?

A—I assumed as my proper name James Thompson, and then leading them to suppose that that was my right name, and that I wished to conceal it there, so as not to be identified by the Federal spies, I adopted other names at any hotel I might be stopping; I never registered Thompson on the book; I led them to suppose that I wished to conceal that name, but James Thompson was the name that they had supposed was my proper name.

Q—Your whole object in all this was simply to ascertain their plans against the Government of the United States?

A—Yes sir; that was my whole object.

Q—Will you state how you became acquainted with this cipher which has just been shown you?

A—I saw that cipher in Mr. Clay's house, the private house in which he was stopping in St. Catharines.

Q—When was that?

A—That was in the summer of 1864.

Q—Have you not also been the bearer of despatches for these persons?

A—Yes sir; I was entrusted with despatches to carry from Canada to Richmond.

Q—Did you carry them?

A—I carried some to Gordonsville with instructions that I was to send them from there.

Q—Did you receive despatches in reply?

A—Once I did.

Q—Were they carried back?

A—Yes sir; they were carried back.

Q—Did you come through Washington; did you make them known to the Government?

A—Yes sir; each time I delivered the despatches, always to the Government of the United States; I passed nothing that I took, except by their permission.

Q—From whom were the despatches received at Gordonsville received?

A—A gentleman who represented himself to me as being in their

State Department, and sent with the answer by their Secretary of State.

Q—And you bore the despatches to whom; to Thompson or Clay?

A—I bore it back to Mr. Thompson.

Q—All of these men, Thompson, Clay and Cleary, represented themselves as being in the service of the Confederate Government?

A—Yes sir.

Q—When was it that you received that despatch from Gordonsville?

A—It was in the fall, I believe; it was in October.

Q—Did you ever hear the subject of these raids from Canada upon our frontier, and the burning of our cities spoken of among these conspirators?

A—Yes sir, many times.

Q—By Thompson, Clay, Cleary, Tucker, Saunders, and those men?

A—Yes sir; I know that Mr. Clay was one of the prime movers in the matter before the raids were started.

Q—You understood in your conversations with them, that all these men fully approved of these enterprises?

A—Yes sir, they received the direct endorsement of Mr. Clement C. Clay, Jun.; he represented himself to me as being a sort of representative of the War Department.

Q—Do you not consider that you enjoyed fully the confidence of those men, so that they freely communicated to you?

A—I do; I do not think they would have intrusted those despatches to me unless they had the fullest confidence in me.

Q—Did they or not, at all times represent themselves as acting under the sanction of their Government at Richmond?

A—They represented themselves as having full power to act without reference to them; they repeatedly told me, both Mr. Clay and Mr. Thompson, that they had full power to act by their Government in anything they deemed expedient, and, for the benefit of their cause.

Q—Were you in Canada at the time the attempt was made to fire the City of New York?

A—Yes sir.

Q—Was that the subject of much conversation among these people?

A—I left Canada with the news two days before the attempt was made, to bring it to the Department at Washington.

Q—That such a project was contemplated?

A—Yes sir.

Q—You knew that it originated there and had the sanction of these men?

A—Yes sir.

Q—Do you mean to say the same in regard to the St. Alban's raid?

A—Yes sir; I did not know the point where the raid was to be made, but I told the Government at Washington that they were about to set out on a raid of that kind before the St. Alban's raid—I also told them of the intended raid upon Buffalo and Rochester, and by that means prevented those raids.

Q—Captain Beale, who was subsequently hanged at New York was known there as leading in this enterprise, was he not?

A—I did not know him by that name.

Q—Was he spoken of among these men?

A—I never heard him spoken of; they were in the habit of using their fictitious name in conversation with each other.

Q—You say that you do not know anything about Beale?

A—No sir; I knew that the object of his mission was contemplated; I did not know who were to be the immediate executors of the plot; I knew of the plan at the time and reported it.

Q—Did you hear the subject of the funds by which all these enterprises were carried on spoken of among these conspirators, as to who had the funds, or the amount they had, or anything of that sort?

A—Yes sir; in regard to the raiding, Mrs. Clay had the funds.

Q—Did you ever hear the probable amount spoken of by any of them?

A—No sir; he represented to me that he always had plenty of money to pay for anything that was worth paying for; he told me he had money.

Q—Do you know in what bank in Montreal these Rebels keep their accounts and funds?

A—No sir, I do not.

Q—You know that there was a bank of Ontario in Montreal?

A—Yes sir; I know that there is such a bank. I know that they deposited in several different banks; they transacted a good deal of business in what I think is called the Niagara District Bank; it is almost opposite where Mr. Clay's residence was in St. Catharines;

Q—On your return with the Gordonsville despatches for the Rebels in Canada, did you leave a copy of those despatches here?
 during the summer they transacted a great deal of business at that bank.

Q—What seemed to be George N. Saunders' position there, if he had a defined position?

A—Mr. Clay told me that I had better not tell him of the things that I was bent upon, nor the things they had intrusted to me; that he was a very good man to do their dirty work; that is just what Mr. Clay told me.

Q—He was then doing their work, but it was dirty work?

A—Mr. Clay said that he associated with men that they could not associate with; that he was a very useful man in that way; a very useful man indeed.

Cross-examined by Mr. Aiken:

Q—Where were you from?

A—New York city; originally.

Q—What time in the year was it that you said Mr. Thompson told you a proposition had been made to him?

A—In the early part of the year.

Q—In January?

A—In January.

Q—You stated, I think, that immediately after [that] you saw Mr. Clay?

A—Immediately after the conversation in the summer.

Q—The summer of 1864?

A—Yes sir, in which he spoke of "Thompson" being able to put the President out of the way whenever he was ready.

Q—Did you ever hear anything in Canada of Mr. Surratt as being connected with the plot?

A—I did not.

Q—Did you receive any pay from the Confederate Government for going to Gordonsville with despatches?

A—I received for the services, to defray railroad expenses, the equivalent of one hundred and fifty dollars in greenbacks; it was, I have forgotten the amount in Canada money; gold was about 260 at the time; I have forgotten what it was; I received that and reported the fact of having received it to the War Department at Washington, and applied it on my expense account as having been received from the Government.

Q—On your return with the Gordonsville despatches for the Rebels in Canada, did you leave a copy of those despatches here?

A—I handed the original despatches over to the authorities, and those of them that they selected to go ahead I carried on, and those they did not they retained.

By the Court:—Q—I want to ask an explanation of an answer you made. I understood you in your testimony to say that after the assassination of the President, some of those who had been engaged in it had returned to Canada, and you said they expressed regret that they had not been allowed to proceed earlier?

A—You misunderstood me. I did not say that any of those who had been engaged in the attempt at assassination, or in the assassination had returned to Canada.

Q—But those who directed it from Canada expressed regret that they had not been allowed to proceed sooner?

A—One of the parties, the one who represented himself as being a commercial agent, Mr. Beverly Tucker, said it was a pity that the boys had not been allowed to act when they first wanted to.

Q—Did you understand why they were prevented from proceeding sooner?

A—I did not; I inferred, though, from what I had heard from Mr. Thompson before, that he had detained them in order that he might choose a fitting opportunity.

Q—Your impression was that they were detained up to that time by Mr. Jacob Thompson?

A—I inferred so because when he spoke of the matter to me in his conversation of January, 1865, he said he was in favor of the proposition that had been made to him to put the President, Mr. Stanton, General Grant, and others out of the way, but had deferred giving his answer until he had consulted his Government at Richmond and was only waiting their approval.

Q—Did you understand that he had received the answer, and given the direction following that?

A—I never understood so; I never asked the question or received that reply.

Q—What was your impression?

A—My impression was that he had received the answer. I inferred

that he had received that approval, and that they had been detained waiting for that, from what Beverly Tucker said.

Q—I understood you to mention the name of Prof. Holcomb in connection with that of Saunders, Clay and others. I would like to know how far you can identify him in these movements, plans, and operations of these men?

A—I made a proposition to Mr. Clay to carry despatches for them, and to do their work, as a means of getting into their confidence. And Mr. Cleary told me before Mr. Holcomb that he had authority to sign his (Clay's) name by power of attorney, and his own, both of them being representatives of the Confederate States Government, as they called it.

Testimony of Sanford Conover.

Sanford Conover, a witness called for the prosecution, being duly sworn, testified as follows:—

By Judge Advocate Bingham:—Q—State your full name and present place of residence.

A—Sanford Conover, Montreal, Canada.

Q—How long have you resided in Montreal?

A—Since October last.

Q—State where you resided previous to going to Canada?

A—I resided a short time in Baltimore.

Q—State whether you resided further South before that?

A—Yes sir; at Richmond.

Q—State what you were doing at Richmond?

A—I was a clerk in the War Department, for a time.

Q—How long?

A—Upwards of six months.

Q—Do you mean the War Department of the Confederate State Government, as it was called?

A—Yes sir; in the Rebel War Department.

Q—Who was at that time Secretary of War for that organization?

A—Mr. James A. Seddon.

Q—How did you come to be in the Rebel service?

A—I was conscripted, and detailed for a clerkship; it was a cheap way of getting clerks.

Q—State to the Court whether when you was over in Canada, you made the acquaintance of any of the persons connected with the

Confederate organization as it was called; Rebels from the Southern States?

A—I did, and have been quite intimately associated with them.

Q—State the names of those with whom you were so acquainted in Canada?

A—George N. Saunders, Jacob Thompson, Dr. Blackburn, Beverly Tucker, William C. Cleary, Lewis Castleman, the Rev. Mr. Cameron, Mr. Porterfield, Captain Magruder, and others of less note.

Q—Did you know Clement C. Clay?

A—I knew him; I may also include Generals Frost, of Missouri, and Carroll of Tennessee.

Q—Were you also acquainted with any persons who occasionally visited the persons named in Canada from the United States?

A—I knew some.

Q—What were their names?

A—I knew Mr. Surratt, I knew Booth.

Q—John Wilkes Booth?

A—Yes sir.

Q—State whether you saw either of those persons last named in Canada since then once?

A—I never saw Booth since then once; I saw Surratt on several successive days.

Q—With whom did you see them when there?

A—I saw Surratt on a number of days in April last; I saw him in Jacob Thompson's rooms, and I also saw him in company with George N. Saunders at two or three places.

Q—Did he pass by the name of John H. Surratt?

A—Surratt; I am not positive about his first name; I have heard him called Jack, by some.

Q—You say you saw him in Montreal in April last?

A—Yes sir.

Q—About what time in April?

A—It was within a week before the President's assassination. I think about the 6th or 7th of April.

Q—In whose company was he at the time you saw him there?

A—I saw him in Mr. Thompson's company and in Mr. Saunders'.

Q—You say you saw him in Mr. Thompson's room?

A—I saw him in Mr. Thompson's room.

Q—State whether he gave any communication to Mr. Thompson in his room in your presence, and what that communication was?

A—There was a communication there at that time from which it appeared that Mr. Surratt had brought despatches from Richmond to Mr. Thompson; these despatches were the subjects of conversation.

Q—From whom in Richmond were the despatches brought?

A—From Mr. Benjamin; I think there was also a letter in cipher from Mr. Davis; I am not positive as to the latter; but there was a letter, whether it was in cipher or not.

Q—Do you mean Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State of the so called Confederacy?

A—Yes sir.

Q—You say the despatches were the subject of conversation; what did they say was the subject of the despatches, or about what did they purport to be?

A—I had some conversation with Mr. Thompson previously on the subject of a plot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet, of which I had informed the paper for which I was correspondent, and I had been invited to participate in the enterprise.

Q—By whom had you been so invited?

A—By Mr. Thompson, and on this occasion he laid his hand on the despatches there and said—“This makes the thing all right,” referring to the assent of the Rebel authorities.

Q—Did they speak of the persons that the Rebel authorities had consented might be the victims of this plot?

A—Yes sir; Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Johnson, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, and Judge Chase.

Q—Did they say anything about any of the Generals?

A—And Gen. Grant.

Q—In that conversation was anything said, and if so, what was said by Thompson and Surratt, or either of them, touching the effect the assassination of these officers named would have upon the people of the United States and their power to elect a President?

A—Mr. Thompson said on that occasion, I think, I am not positive that it was on that occasion, but he did say on the day before the interview of which I speak, that it would leave the Government entirely without a head; that there was no provision in the Constitution of the United States by which they could elect another President.

Q—If these men were put out of the way?

A—If these men were removed.

Q—State whether any other member of the Cabinet was named in that connection touching the despatches and the approval from Richmond.

A—No sir; no further than this; Mr. Welles was named, but Mr. Thompson said it was not worth while to kill him, he was of no consequence; that was the remark made at the time.

Q—You stated that there was a letter from Davis as well as the despatches of Secretary Benjamin?

A—Yes sir.

Q—Was the substance of the letter of Davis also spoken of?

A—Only generally.

Q—In connection with the despatch?

A—Yes.

Q—Was any other subject mentioned?

A—Yes. If I may be allowed, I will state my first interview on that subject.

Q—When was your first interview with him on that subject?

A—In February last.

Q—About what time in February?

A—In the early part of February.

Q—That was where?

A—That was in Mr. Thompson's room in the St. Lawrence Hall Hotel.

Q—State if you please what was said at that time by Mr. Thompson on that subject in your presence.

A—I had called on Mr. Thompson to make some inquiry about a raid that had been contemplated on Ogdensburg, New York, which had failed because the United States Government had received some information of the intention of the Rebels, and were prepared for it; and I called to see what was to be done next, seeking items for my newspaper, and being supposed by Mr. Thompson to be a good Rebel; he said we would have to drop it for a time, but we would catch them asleep yet, and he observed, "there is a better opportunity—a better chance to immortalize yourself and save your country." I told him I was ready to do anything to save the country, and asked him what was to be done. He said some of our boys are going to

play a grand joke on Abe and Andy; that was his expression; this led to explanations, when he informed me it was to kill them, or rather to remove them from office, to use his own expression; he said that the killing of a tyrant was no murder.

Q—State whether anything was said at that time on the subject of commissions from the Rebel authorities in his hands blank?

A—He had commissions and conferred one on Booth; I am not so positive whether he had conferred it on Booth or not, but he told me either then or subsequently that Booth had been commissioned, and if it succeeded or failed, and they escaped to Canada, they could not be successfully claimed under the extradition treaty.

Q—State whether you have any personal knowledge of their holding these commissions in blank from the Confederate States?

A—Yes sir the commission conferred on Bennett H. Young, the St. Albans raider, was given to him in blank.

Q—By whom?

A—It was a blank commission filled up and conferred by Mr. Clay.

Q—What name was attached to it as it came into their hands from the men from Richmond, if any?

A—James A. Seddon, Secretary of War.

Q—State to the Court whether you saw the commission yourself?

A—I did.

Q—At whose instance were you called to see it?

A—Mr. Thompson.

Q—State whether you were asked to testify about the genuineness of Seddon's signature, you having been a clerk in the department?

A—I was.

Q—By whom were you asked?

A—By Mr. Thompson and Mr. Abbott, the counsel in the case, and also by Saunders and Young himself.

Q—State whether you did testify on the question of the genuineness of the signature of Seddon?

A—I did.

Q—In that Court?

A—I testified before Judge — the signature was genuine.

Q—Are you acquainted and familiar with the handwriting of James A. Seddon, the Rebel Secretary of War?

A—Yes sir.

Q—You say you had a subsequent conversation with Thompson after the one you have spoken of, as early as February, before the time you met him with Surratt; what time in February was it that you had that subsequent conversation?

A—I had conversation with him from day to day almost every day during the whole of February.

Q—On any one of these occasions did he offer you one of these commissions in the work of the assassination of the President?

A—Nothing further than this; that he suggested that I might immortalize myself and save the country, and in that same connection said, that Booth had been commissioned and that every man who would engage in the enterprise would be.

Q—In their subsequent conversations, state anything that was said about the extent to which this plot was to be carried, what language was used, &c.?

A—At another time I had a conversation with Mr. William C. Cleary, the day before, or the day of the assassination.

Q—Where at?

A—At St. Lawrence Hall; we were speaking of the rejoicings in the States over the surrender of Lee, and the capture of Richmond, and Cleary remarked that they would put the laugh on the other side of their mouths in a day or two; I think that was the day before the assassination took place.

Q—How did he say they would do it?

A—There was nothing further than that said; it was known that I was in the secret of the conspiracy, and it was that we had reference to; it was talked about as commonly as we would speak of the weather.

Q—Did you have any conversation with Saunders about it?

A—One time I had a conversation with Saunders, and he asked me if I knew Booth very well; he expressed some apprehension that Booth would make a fizzle of it; that he was dissipated and reckless, and he was afraid the whole thing would prove a failure.

Q—What business were you engaged in, in fact during your stay in Canada, while you were ostensibly a Rebel?

A—I was a correspondent of the New York Tribune.

Q—State to the Court whether before the assassination of the President you communicated to any person in the United States what in-

formation you had received about the intended assassination of the President?

A—I did to the New York Tribune, and they declined to publish it because they had been accused of publishing sensation stories of that kind before, and they feared there might be nothing in it, and did not wish to be accused of publishing sensation stories.

Q—About how long before the President's assassination did you make the communication?

A—I did it in March last, and also in February, I think I gave them a paragraph on the subject before the 4th of March.

James B. Merritt, a practicing physician of North Dumfries, Canada, in his testimony before the Court in this same trial says—"If you go to Canada, you will find that nine-tenths of the people are rank Rebel sympathizers."

In all the raids during the years of the Rebellion, perpetrated upon our border, the raiders retired to their quarters in Canada, and were perfectly safe. Doctor Merritt, in his testimony states that he called the attention of the Dominion authorities to the subject at different times, and especially to the plot to assassinate the President, the Cabinet and General Grant, and not only could get no action taken in the matter, but he was made a subject of ridicule.

After the surrender of Gen. Lee, and it became apparent that the Confederacy had collapsed, the Dominion authorities proceeded at once to indict the conspirators who had been unmolested up to that time.

Henry Ward Beecher, who has just returned from an extended visit to the British Isles, and who was there twenty-three years ago, says:—"The contrast between the attitude of England then and now toward America was striking.

"Then, public opinion was against the United States. The large factory population of Lancashire, although suffering from famine for want of our cotton, sympathized with us in our struggle, but the influential people of Great Britain not only were opposed to the sentiment of the North, but to a very great extent supported the South."

Not only do the facts all point in the same direction, but it is impossible that it should be otherwise. There is an "irrepressible conflict" in progress between our form of government and all Monarchical and Oligarchical forms by which the few are enabled to control

the many. We may rest assured that the soft and honied words so profusely used at the present time, will be soured when the first occasion offers. But for our successful establishment of a government "*of* the People, *by* the People and *for* the People," no Republican form of government would be possible in France to-day. The breaking away of the Spanish Colonies in America, and their almost abortive attempts at self-government would not have been attempted.

Of course it is our duty to be peaceable and honorable with all peoples and nations, but it is also our duty to be on our guard against the wiles of a government that has so far shown an utter disregard of the laws of civilization and humanity on so many occasions when we were apparently unable to resent it. Although we may morally, be required to forgive, safety requires that we do not *forget* the inhuman lesson so thoroughly taught us.



Mrs. Abigail Adams, in a letter to her husband, John Adams, then a member of the Colonial Congress at Philadelphia, in regard to the British proclamation for the suppression of the rebellion, writes as follows:—"This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not join to-day in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our no longer parent state, but tyrant state, and these Colonies. Let us separate: they are unworthy to be *our* brethren. Let us renounce them; and instead of supplications, as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels, and bring to naught all their devices." "Here was a declaration of independence, preceeding by seven months that which has become so famous; and it was signed by a woman."—From Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford's "Daughters of America."

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Our Political Structure is such a wide departure from the established forms prevailing in Eastern climes, and if successful, has a strong tendency to render the subjects of absolute and other monarchies restless and uneasy; it is plain to be seen that there is a terrible conflict impending between those who have been born to ease and affluence, and those who have been born in degradation and poverty. In our country there is no excuse, except sickness, for either poverty or degradation; any other cause is of the individual's own improvidence or indolence. All combinations to either raise, or lower, wages, are an unnatural war against the equal rights of man. Where the *People Rule*, the majority must take the lead, and when they are dissatisfied, they may properly labor to change the majority and thus endeavor to render their theories triumphant. But when a minority attempts to make that change by *force*, that minority takes the same position the most of the governments of the world now hold. All the governments of the earth, having even the semblance of Republican form, which men have attempted to establish previous to our own, have been overturned; mostly by aspiring chieftains, within their own borders, few by conquest from without.

Our own country has almost miraculously escaped, although it has been drenched in fraternal blood.

We trust that the people are more and more coming to see the difference between Freedom and Anarchy, and that the result of our Free School System will be, that our institutions may continue to exist through all time.

We consider it essential that the rising generation shall be thoroughly instructed in all points where the freedom and Union of these States has been put in peril. It ought also to be the desire of every

lover of his country to strengthen by every honorable means in his power the outposts of civil liberty. In our system of government, the more extensive the compact territory embraced by it, the stronger and more permanent it is likely to be.

When all of North America shall be embraced under one government of nearly or quite a *hundred States*, all working together as they may, and undoubtedly would, the friction so constantly arising between smaller States that makes it necessary for each to keep a *standing army*, thus drawing the most forcible and robustuous of their youth from the fields of industry and usefulness, to become aggressors or defenders, in a cause in which the people have no interest, merely to gratify the ambition or resentment of some one who by birth, usurpation, or mere accident has placed over them.

North America is peculiarly unsuited for the long continuance of more than *one* government. And its permanent peace and prosperity demands that all parts of North America become "one stupendous whole." British rule in any part of this country is a standing menace to our proper development, by the constant irritation of conflicting interests along a frontier of more than five thousand miles in extent, though the permanency of our political institutions can only be destroyed by our own internal dissensions. The history of British rule over us previous to the establishment of our government, and the manifest disposition that government has shown to embarrass and annoy when we were unable to *strike back*, ought to be sufficient, without making any extra effort to cultivate national pride; but the frequent exhibitions of *Anglomania* admonish us that the adage so often quoted, is true, that,—*"Eternal Vigilance is the Price of Liberty."* What then is to be done?

The bands of iron and steel laid in every direction, make it certain that no disruption of our territorial limits can take place without involving the country in war, and there is now no serious subject of disturbance; if we except the Prohibition Question, which is not sectional, that threatens to disturb the peace and well-being of society. The principal mission of our government now, after securing peace at home and abroad, is to increase the facilities, first for *internal*, and then for foreign commerce. We have already reached out our arms into the heart of Mexico, and a portion of our Northern

frontier seems to be indispensable to the full exercise of our present necessities.

It has already been stated, and the facts will warrant the re-statement, that the relations of the Dominion to the British Crown is an unnatural one, as it keeps the different Provinces, whether separate or united, in a state of *dependency* to a distant power; a power whose interest it is to keep them consumers of British products, and discouraging as much as possible all other business than the agricultural.

Were the Canadas annexed to the United States they would be the *equals* of their sister States, the annoying line between the two peoples removed, and a *real reciprocity* established that can never be secured in any other way. All the petty annoyances which are becoming more frequent as the settlements extend along the border, would be entirely removed by removing the obnoxious line. The Canadians have made great efforts to draw the trade of the west and northwest to Montreal and Europe by the St. Lawrence river route, and would undoubtedly have had a much more marked degree of success, but for the annoyance of this pestiferous line. The Welland Canal was made, principally, with a view of drawing the western and northwestern trade into their own hands; for there was no present or prospective call for such a canal on their own account. And should a new reciprocity treaty most favorable to Canadian interests be negotiated, the uncertainty of its long continuance would prevent its successful operation. Each side in the negotiation would endeavor to secure the most favorable terms, and after it began to be demonstrated by experience, one side or the other would become restless and want a new deal, or an abrogation of the treaty.

If we had not already demonstrated the absolute ease and facility of inter-state commerce, there might be some reasonable misgiving upon the subject; but we cannot see how any can exist with the facts before them. Now we do not wish to *conquer* Canada by any other force than the "force of circumstances," yet it is within our power to defeat all schemes to turn the trade of the west down the St. Lawrence. By constructing a Ship Canal, from Oswego to the Hudson river, so that the largest vessels of the Upper Lakes could go through without *breaking bulk*, it would be so manifestly the interest of our Canadian neighbors to solicit annexation, that it could not be resist-

ed. That ever memorable day, 4th of July, 1817, when De Witt Clinton broke ground for the Erie Canal at the then small village of Rome, seems but a short time ago, but for us who have lived to witness the changed condition of the country, what a contrast !!! We know that at that time it was universally held that improvement could no further go. The eight or nine cents per bushel on grain for toll, was paid with cheerfulness, and it was considered most wonderful that the State had opened a commercial channel capable of conveying merchandise so cheaply. We have seen that toll gradually reduced to 0; and to-day the people of the State of New York are being taxed to keep in repair a water-way that its advocates are compelled to admit must be abandoned if made to pay for its own repairs. And at this present time, this State which has for its motto the proud title of "Excelsior" stands in the attitude of a *beggar*, soliciting aid to sustain this relic of a past age. It need not be supposed that our National Government will continue to subsidize this State for any great length of time, without any control of the route so subsidized, and in that case, the government of the U. S. would have to have control of a strip of land three hundred and fifty-two miles long, dividing our State into two nearly equal parts. Those of us who remember the debates in Congress during Jackson's administration with regard to the Maysville Road Bill, a work wholly in the State of Kentucky, and which resulted in the government surrendering the Cumberland Road to the different States in which it had been constructed, can imagine some of the difficulties to be encountered by accepting National aid.

And as no more water can be had for an enlarged canal than is sufficient for one of the present size in the present locality, and in a dry season, scarcely that; and the further fact that much of the way it runs along the side hill and over embankments varying from a few, to over seventy feet, as at Irondequoit, it is plain to be seen that the Erie Canal will in a few years have to take its place alongside of the Cumberland Road, as a thing of the past.

Instead of a Canal three hundred and fifty miles long, every way inadequate to the wants of the country; this State can construct and furnish a water-way with not to exceed fifty miles of canal, that will admit the largest craft on the upper lakes to the harbor of New York. By utilizing the Hudson, Mohawk and Oswego rivers, and

Oneida lake, the cost of the work need not exceed that which is being wasted on our State Capitol, to gratify--what?

The situation of our country is vastly different now from what it was at the close of Buchanan's administration, when our National Government could not borrow twenty millions of dollars at *twelve* per cent. interest. Blessed be the Administrations that saved this country from total wreck, delivered over to the Democratic party with the "Books balanced to a cent," with millions of dollars stored in vaults lying useless, and millions more seeking investment at *three per cent.*

This then, is an opportune time to borrow money at a cheap rate, as there are millions now anxiously seeking permanent investment, and prosecute this work, which will cost but a trifle, if any, more than our new Capitol; a work that would not only pay to keep itself in repair, but extinguish the debt for its construction in a few years, at the same time reduce the freight charges from the west more than one-half of what it must be in any system that requires transhipment.

It would render it all important to the Canadians to become part and parcel of the United States. The chain of the Great Lakes, when connected with the Hudson river by a Ship Canal would present the most important system of Inland Navigation on this earth.

It would give an impetus to business prosperity never before known. It would drive British rule and influence from the continent. It would raise the Colonies to the north of us from a state of dependence and inferiority, to the dignity of equals of the freest and most prosperous States of our Republic.

It would furnish the cheapest and most efficient outlet for western products that can ever be established, and may be constructed and held by the State of New York; and the Western States would, as they should, pay for it. It would cut the "Gordian knot" so many are vainly attempting to untie, and be the initiatory movement for consolidating North America into a grand and all powerful whole.

Our Canadian neighbors will find that when they have perfected their canals along the St. Lawrence river, so as to make the passage of the largest vessels on the lakes both easy and safe, this *frontier line* will be a constant source of annoyance that will thwart the fruition of their fondest hopes. The situation of our country has been greatly changed since the misguided men undertook its disrup-

tion a quarter of a century ago. The statistical tables of Mr. Edward Atkinson, which we give an extract from on another page shows what a marked effect Emancipation and the Removal of Sectional Lines has had upon the growth and wealth of our country.

Notwithstanding the four years of the most wasting and destructive war ever waged, since its close, the country has advanced in material and numerical prosperity with a rapidity never before known. All the obstructive lines which make "enemies of Nations," should be withdrawn from North America, that unrestricted transit may be had to and from each and every part, from ocean to ocean, and from the Isthmus of Darien to the Kingdom of Thor in the North. With a Ship Canal from Oswego to the Hudson river, of sufficient capacity to admit vessels passing the Welland Canal, the Union of British America with the United States would follow as a necessity; and instead of there being five thousand miles of Frontier to keep both peoples in a state of constant irritation and hindrance, it would become the heart and center of the most prosperous Nation that the sun ever shone upon. With the great possibilities now before us, may it prove that the "Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World," has not been misplaced.



We here extract the following, to show what the removal of the institution of human slavery and the consequent removal of moral and political *sectional lines* has done for our country within the last quarter of a century.

That the removal of the line to the north of us, is only wanting to insure in a far greater degree the prosperity of both sides of that line, and is the preliminary step towards building up the freest and controlling Nation upon this Earth.

The thirteen statistical tables which Mr. Edward Atkinson presents in the *Century Magazine* give an impressive idea of the material progress accomplished by this country during the first century of its national existence, now nearly completed. Its population for the year 1887 he computes at 59,893,000, with an increase for the census of 1890, according to the estimate of Mr. E. B. Elliott, actuary of the

treasury department, to 64,476,000, making a little more than double the population of 1860.

Its products include 3,014,063,984 bushels of grain for the year 1885, against an average of one-half that number for the five consecutive years including 1870 and 1874; a hay crop of 48,470,460 tons for 1884, against half that amount ten years earlier; a product of 4,529,869 tons of pig iron for 1885, and an estimated product of 5,600,000 tons of 2,000 pounds each for 1886, against fewer than 2,000,000 tons fifteen years ago; a cotton crop of 6,550,215 bales for 1885-86, or more than three times that of twenty years ago. We must also note that the aggregate of twenty-one annual crops made by free labor since the war is to the same number of crops made before the war by slave labor as 93 is to 58, while the average weight of the bale has also increased.

Then, as to transportation, the 33,908 miles of railway in operation in 1865 have grown to 128,967 miles in 1886, with aggregate annual passenger and freight receipts of more than \$720,000,000. The railways for the four years ending in 1885 moved 1,597,058,562 tons of food, fibres, fabrics, fuel, metal and timber, an average distance of 111 miles each ton, at a charge of \$2,052,849,085. The charge per ton per mile on the New York Central railroad, which is taken by Mr. Atkinson as a good example of reduction in charges, was a little more than three cents per mile during the four years ending in 1868, and less than 79-100 of a cent during the four years ending in 1885:

"If we may assume that the people of the United States have been saved two and one-fifth cents per ton per mile on the whole railway traffic of the last four years, either by the construction of railways where none before existed, or by such a reduction in the charge for their service, the amount of money's worth saved in four years has been \$3,898,373,159, which sum would probably equal the cash cost of all the railways built in the United States since 1865, to which sum might probably be added the entire payment upon the national debt since 1865."

The amount of insurance against loss by fire returned to the insurance commissioner of the state of New York from probably 90 per cent. of all the companies in the country, has increased from \$2,564,112,505 in 1865 to \$10,517,940,175 in 1885. The life insurance for the latter year amounted to \$2,023,517,488, having increased fourfold

from the previous twenty years. The deposits in the savings banks of Massachusetts alone for 1885 amounted to \$274,998,412, having more than quadrupled since 1865, and trebled per head of population.

Turning to wages, those of mechanics in Massachusetts, taking together carpenters, painters, machinists, blacksmiths, and so on, averaged, according to Mr. Atkinson, 25 per cent. a day higher in 1885 than in 1860, while the purchasing power of money, taking all commodities together, he puts at 26 per cent. greater. The relation of the farm to the factory, as modified by the increase of railway transportation, is illustrated by the statement that "the wages for one day's work of an average mechanic in the far East will pay for moving a year's subsistence of bread and meat a thousand miles or more from the distant West." Taking together several leading items of progress, the relative gains in 1885, as compared with 1865, have been in population 69 per cent.; in the hay crop, 106; in the cotton crop, 194; in the grain crop, 256; in railway mileage, 280; in fire insurance, 310; in pig iron, 386. Upon the figures denoting the area of the country it is hardly necessary to dwell, save to observe that the fertile state of Texas alone is larger than the largest of European countries except Russia; that California is larger than all the British isles, and Florida than England and Wales. Nineteen independent states of Europe require aggregate standing armies of about 4,000,000 men, with about 10,000,000 more held as military reserves during the flower of their lives; while the thirty-eight independent states of our country maintain a standing army of 25,000 enlisted men as frontier and coast police. As to the foreign markets open to our products, it is perhaps enough to cite these words from Mr. Atkinson:

"Possessing as we do an almost paramount control of the most available supply of food and cotton which Europe must have or starve, we hold a demand check upon every bank in Europe for the coin or bullion on which we maintain the specie standard of value, which is so essential to prosperity."

EXCERPTA.

One object we have had in view in this work is, to give an American tone to, and revive a pride in, the title of American citizenship. With our unparalleled prosperity since our severance from British rule, there yet seems to be a strong tendency to admire and ape anything British, politically, morally, and especially socially.

Our ancestors, who Rocked the Cradle of Liberty, took a different view of the matter. See charges and accusations subscribed to by the foremost men of the world:—

“He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burned our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people!

“He has excited domestic insurrection amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions. A Prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people, &c.”

Six months or more, before the Congress put before the world the declaration of which the above is a part, Mrs. Abigail Adams, the wife of one President and the mother of another one, thus wrote to her husband:—

“Let us separate; they are unworthy to be *our* brethren. Let us renounce them; and instead of supplications, as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels, and bring to naught all their devices.”

“We ought to become more Amercanized.”—Gen. Andrew Jackson.

Most prominent among those who denounced the British Government by speech and pen, were Patrick Henry, Thomas Paine, and Dr. Joseph Warren, who laid down his life for the cause of his count-

ry, at Bunker Hill, a sad loss to the people who had just begun the strife that resulted in the final separation of the Colonies from British rule. He saw more clearly than most people, the advantages that would naturally grow from a separation of the Colonies from what was then called the *mother country*, as the peroration of an address delivered in Faneuil Hall, March 5, 1772, more than four years previous to the declaration of independence. "May our land be a land of liberty, the seat of virtue, the asylum of the oppressed, a name and a praise throughout the whole earth, until the last shock of time shall bury the Empires of the world in undistinguished ruin!"



Our country having successfully passed the most trying ordeal that it is likely ever to encounter, the Slaveholders Rebellion, which found a fearful amount of sympathy, both open and covert, for the leading promoters of that unholy cause, made the case for a while assume an aspect well calculated to arouse in the friends of the government, the most fearful apprehensions.

The system of human slavery as established in this country, so grossly in defiance of the annunciation contained in our declaration of independence, had for many years caused fearful forebodings in the minds of the more thoughtful of our citizens; the more so, as so many were ready to apologize for it, and looked upon its diffusion over free territory with seeming indifference, if not satisfaction.

The territory to the North of us was made a refuge for the fugitive slave a *terminus* of the "underground railroad," but on the breaking out of the rebellion it became a harbor for such a set of barbarians as were never before known among those claiming to belong to a civilized community. It clearly shows that the lines of one of Britain's eminent poets are as true at this day, as when Cowper wrote:—

"Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed,
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one."

There is no good reason why enmity should exist between the people living on opposite sides of this unnatural line, except that Canada

is a *dependency* upon Britain, their, as well as our natural enemy. Let us remember, and profit by the past, that we may be enabled to act more wisely in the future.

The far seeing Secretary Seward gave the initiative, by securing possession of Alaska; and Secretary of the Treasury Manning, in his recent reply to an inquiry by the Foreign Affairs Committee, for an opinion on pending legislation contemplating non-intercourse with Canada, among other things, says:—

“The venerated founders of this Republic contributed to that progress its most powerful and well-directed impetus by withholding from the Federal government authority to better the foreign commerce of the people with any export tax, and by enacting an absolute free trade for ever among the inhabitants of all its States. The new world which swept into their ken was a world of American free-men, whose laws should but establish and guard their individual liberty. Had the most northern colonies, anticipating then the inevitable hour along with us, cut off and released to her thenceforth separate and insular fortunes to the parent State, the whole continent of North America, from sea to sea, and from its northern to its southern gulfs, would now be joined in one indissoluble union of indescribable States, and the political line of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, with the geographical boundary of the five great lakes and their river, instead of being marked by suspicious revenue officers and hostile custom houses would be invisible like the one-hundredth meridian and another bond of unity like the waters of the Mississippi. In such a wider dominion, in such a greater and enduring union, finally, by peaceful growth, with cordial unconstructed assent for common interests, sooner or later these now separate peoples, discordant, or divided by political lines, but kindred by every tie that has ever united man or founded States, will one day merge their majestic empires. It behooves the statesmanship of our own and coming generations, on either side of the dividing line, to perceive that this Continental and Imperial policy is not a visionary hope but rather in the order of nature, to which the laws that we, in our own brief time enact, had best conform and give it furtherance.

“Subject to this policy, therefore, even when repelling aggression, avowing this common duty and ultimate destiny even when responding to an offensive non-intercourse policy by offended non-intercourse

acts which, at any moment, we are more anxious to withdraw from, than now willing to enter upon, I submit to your committee with the greatest deference the following bill."

The people of the Dominion will fail to realize their hopes by enlarging their canals along the St. Lawrence river, because of this line "which makes enemies of nations," and serves no good purpose whatever. What a spectacle is now presented to the world, by the quarrel over a *school of mackerel, and a few barrels of fish bait*. The only way to prevent the constant recurrence of such scenes is to detach the Colonies from Great Britain and annex them as equals to our great family of States. This will come about naturally and easily by opening a suitable canal from Oswego to the Hudson river, by which vessels can pass from the Lakes to New York without breaking bulk. We believe America was made for Americans, and we deem all Americans who love our country and Republican institutions, no matter where they were born; and those who admire the rotten Monarchies of Europe, though born upon our soil, are not American, and ought to be obliged to live under the Government they profess to admire.

For our part, we prefer to associate with those who can cordially join in singing:—

A-M E R I C A.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty!
Of thee we sing;
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side,
Let Freedom ring.

My native country! thee
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Our Father's God! to thee—
Author of liberty!

To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

THE PRESENT SITUATION.

Europe, with an area of 3,777,690 square miles, divided and subdivided into empires, kingdoms, dukedoms, principalities, &c., with bayonets in the hands of more than fourteen millions of the most able bodied of her people, half of them permanently withdrawn from any productive employment, ready at any moment to rush into a collision, *in order to keep out of one*, with frontiers in every direction requiring armies and fortifications, with a constant demand of *passport* from every traveller, and an overhauling of his trunk of necessary clothing and piling up enormous debts for the men and women who labor in the fields to pay.

How is it in the United States? With an area of territory larger than all of Europe, a man may travel for a whole year possibly, without meeting a soldier, and as he passes from State to State, there are no lines where *gens de armes* demand his passport or to overhaul his dirty linen.

Not a soldier to be seen in any direction; and yet, should an occasion require it, this country can put half a million armed men into Canada in a week's time, with Sherman, Sheridan and Longstreet at their head; for the South will now vie with the North when the country calls for defenders of her soil, or her honor. It seems to me that the United States of America is now prepared to enter upon an unexampled course of prosperity, while Great Britain, whose boast it has been "that the sun never sets on her dominions," is fast approaching her final humiliation. Her struggle with Ireland must, from necessity, increase in intensity, for she cannot do justice to Ireland without greatly weakening the power of the Aristocracy and the Crown.

The Royal Family cannot forever enjoy an income of \$2,000,000 a

year, while so many are held in enforced degradation and want. Probably the House of Lords will soon have to take its final leave, which will be the beginning of the end. Then the Laws of Primogeniture will be abolished, and when this is done, so that the industrious and prudent can acquire and hold small parcels of real estate and become independent, instead of being tenants and serfs, the amelioration of their condition will be fairly begun. When the franchise is sufficiently extended so that the people get the power in their own hands, then the people will flourish and the present form of government be consigned to oblivion.

JOHN BULL IN AMERICA:

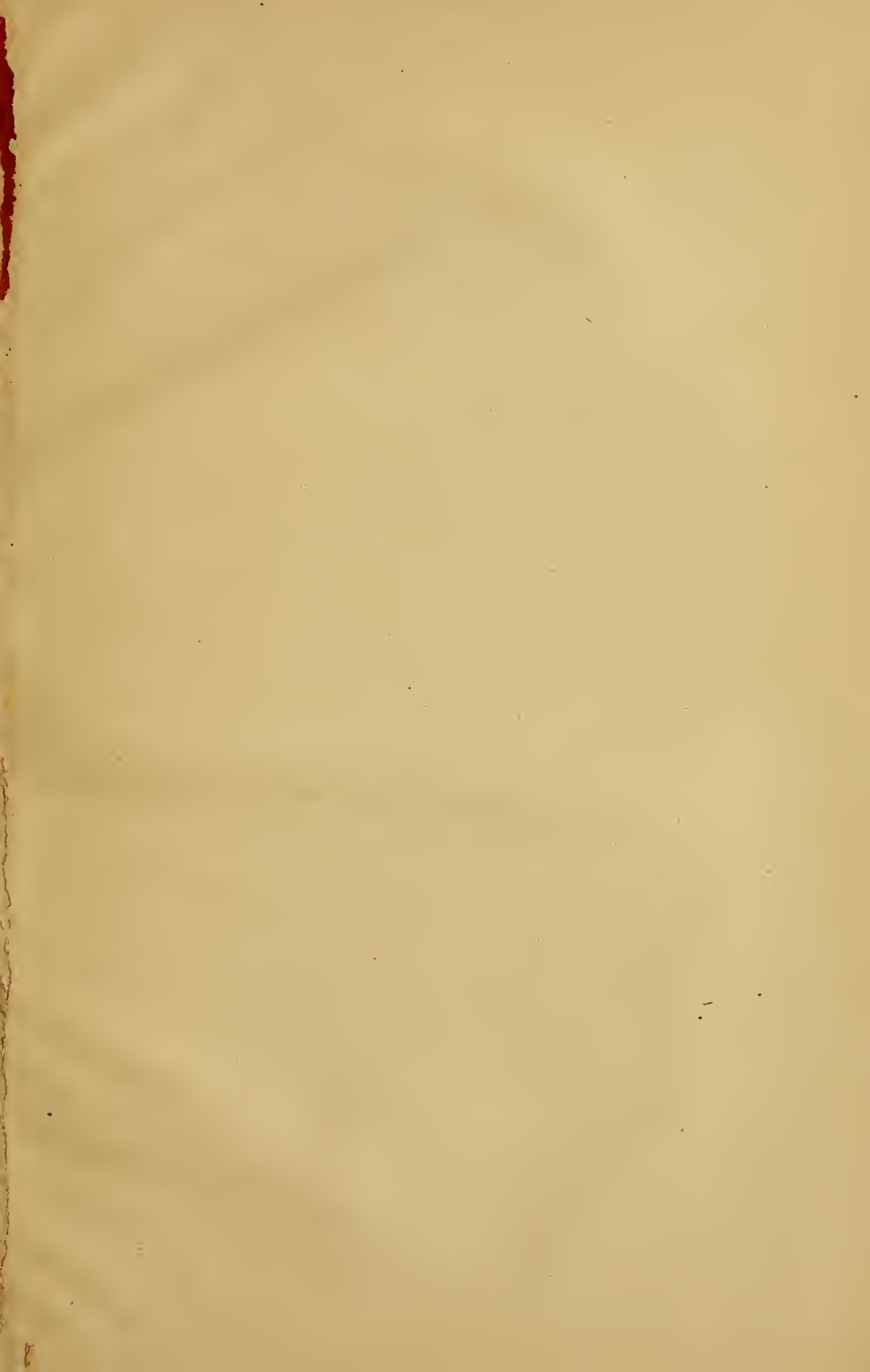
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